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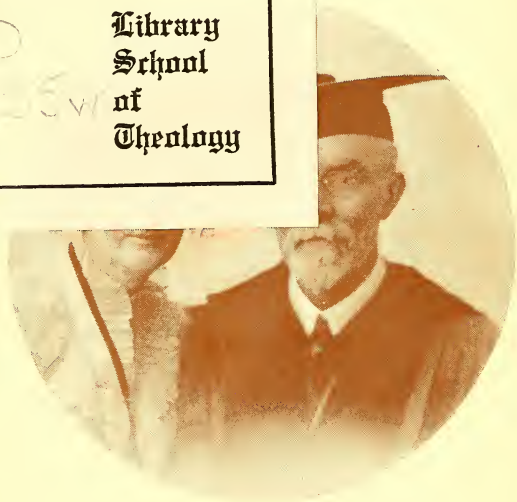

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HÜ YONG MI AND FAMILY.

The Way of Faith Illustrated

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

HÜ YONG MI

OF THE CHINA MISSION CONFERENCE

CINCINNATI: CURTS & JENNINGS

NEW YORK: EATON & MAINS

1896

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THE WAY OF FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, AND EARLY YEARS.

I, HÜ YONG MI, was born in the year of our Lord, 1837, at Yon-tau, in the Ming District, in the prefecture of Foochow. My grandfather was a fortune-teller, soothsayer, and astrologer of wide reputation, and was frequently consulted by officials. My father did not wish to follow his father's business—preferring a military life. He became an officer, and commanded a force whose business it was to patrol the streets at night and keep order. He frequently had the settlement of neighborhood troubles. His name was well known and respected far and near. Although the fortune of the house was very fair, he always dressed in plain cotton garments, and thus won the sobriquet, "*Pank-ie*," or "Officer Plain-clothes." In the time of the Tai-ping rebellion, when the local vagabonds of every place rebelled, he was appointed chief of a band organized to pro-

tect the surrounding villages. When peace was established he was titled, "Officer of the Fifth Rank."

My mother,* whose maiden name was *Ho*, was familiarly called "*Pwo-na*," or "Mother Plain-clothes." She was hospitable to neighbors and relations, ever glad to minister help and succor to the poor and desolate.

Of us children there were seven brothers and two sisters. The eldest brother, Pŏ-Mi, was a son of my father's first wife, whose maiden surname was Li, and who died early. Pŏ-Mi, entered the army and became captain of one hundred men. I, Yong Mi (named by my parents "*Chiong*," or "a fountain"), was the second son.

I received license to preach in 1860, and was received on trial in the Vermont Conference, United States, in 1863.

The third brother was Sing-Mi. Through grace unspeakable, my elder and younger brother, with myself, were, in 1869, ordained by Bishop Kingsley to deacons' orders, Pŏ-Mi and I also to elders' orders. I, with my parents and others, had been baptized by Rev. R. S. Maclay and Rev. Otis Gibson, at the Church of the True God, Ching Sing Tong, on the sev-

* A widow with one son at the time of her marriage to Yong Mi.

enteenth day of the third month, eighth year of Hien Feng (1858).

My brothers and sisters afterward were all baptized with their families, and all joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A stepbrother, my mother's son, was profligate. He opened several wine-shops, and squandered all the capital in opium and other forms of dissipation. He died young.

During the rebellion, flights from place to place, and pecuniary losses incident thereto, reduced our property until the family became poor. At this time I was in my seventeenth year. For a while I stopped study, my father requiring me to attend the wine-shop of my stepbrother, in order to watch and guard his conduct.

This was the first of my leaving home. I encountered great dangers and temptations. At the shop I acquired a taste for wine, but fortunately did not become addicted to it.

The brother was frequently out all night. To deceive me he reported that he went to learn military science. I followed him secretly, and ascertained that he went with dissolute companions to flowery streets and pleasure lanes.

He and his companions tried to tempt me to join them, thinking that if I did so I would not

dare to inform my parents against him; but I warned him.

My teacher had a friend whose mother died. My father ordered me to go to the friend's house to condole with the family and pay reverence to the deceased. There many friends and relatives were assembled, who knew me as a youth good at card-playing. They were glad to see me, and invited me to a game of cards to relieve the tedium of mourning. I declined. They referred to my teacher, who persuaded me, for the sake of the entertainment of the guest, to play.

From noon till night I won every game. All the company in turn lost, I alone won. All were surprised, but I was alarmed. I never played again. From childhood I had often heard the proverb:

學賭三年富
後輸剝褲褲

Oh tu, sang nieng po;
Hain sio, pwoh long ko.

"Learn to gamble, you may be three years rich;
Afterward losing, off go your blouse and trousers!"*

I feared poverty, and determined never again to gamble.

*That is, the gambler may prosper temporarily, but he must eventually pawn his clothes to pay his debts.

One time a cousin in our house was very desirous of drawing a lottery prize. For the purpose of determining what character she should draw to win, she brought many idols to the house, and night after night consulted them through those by whom the spirit of the idol was supposed to communicate; and she called dream interpreters to her aid, and diviners with twigs,* and sought, by bamboo-slips shaken before the images, an answer from the gods. Withal, following the instructions and trying again and again, she drew no prize.

I saw that our friends were disappointed and troubled. I went myself before the image of the Goddess of Mercy, whom I was always fond of worshiping, and reached my hands to the bamboo urn within which were thirty-six slips, with characters engraved thereon. I revolved the bamboo-slips, then drew one forth and said to my cousin, "Take this and win." No one credited me. Some said: "Presumptuous! You have burned no incense, offered no propitiatory sacrifices, only with your hands extracted the bamboo. We will not trust your divination." I returned the bamboo to the men, and a second time revolved the urn, and again drew forth the same charactered slip; likewise a third time.

*A forked twig, preferably of margosa or willow, is held lightly by the fingers in a dish of sand and allowed to write as it will—the Chinese form of planchette.

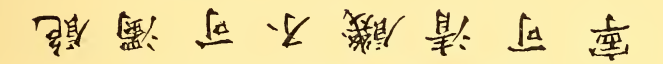
All regarded it as strange, but had no faith in it. I essayed the character drawn, at the lottery, and gained a considerable prize. Then all the friends repented; for no one of them had won.

In my mind I determined not to repeat the experiment. The prize-money I spent buying good incense, flowers, candles, and food, which I presented to the Goddess of Mercy. I was then about eighteen years of age.

A relative, who was connected with the viceroy's yamen, had an opium-shop and wished to engage some one to take charge of his business and superintend his domestic affairs. He consulted my father, who wished me to accept the situation. I was very reluctant, but my father counseled me to take the place temporarily. He feared that I was too much immersed in solitude, and desired that I should learn something of the business and social customs of the outside world.

An engagement was therefore made for a specified time, and I went to the house of my relative, the opium-dealer. He treated me with much consideration and kindness. He intrusted all the affairs of his house and his shop to my control. He hoped to secure my services permanently; but I told him that as soon as the term of engagement expired I would go home. I was not happy. Each day seemed

like a year. I longed for the end, remembering the proverb:



Ning ko ching ki, pok ko chok pan:

"Better unsullied to famish than with impurity to be full fed."

I was about six months at the place, but never touched opium. The pipe never came to my mouth.

I then returned home to study and practice drawing. I sold a few poor pictures and thereby helped the family a little.

After a year I opened a picture-shop. My drawings were like crow's tracks, with dashes of red for flowers, that were like nothing known. Still, oddly enough, there were people to buy, and I made money.

A company of young men, a hundred or more, soon began to make my shop a rendezvous. For a time I associated with them, till I discovered that they met to learn fighting, wrestling, theatricals, and wine-bibbing, and wanted me to join their company. Then gradually I separated from them.

Sin was like a river—danger everywhere I looked or walked. I was not wise as a young man, and was still in this world's darkness.

Satan used many baits to catch me. I knew, after embracing the Christian faith, that I had escaped out of many temptations, because the Spirit of God had early been with me. He had guided me and helped me. He had outstretched his saving arm to assist me out of all pitfalls. Had it not been so, I should have entered the dark region* ere ever I heard the gospel preached. I know truly that from before my entrance into the world the grace of God has protected me, even to the present.

Praise to Jehovah for the evidence that, from ancient times, he has cared tenderly for our China!

*That is, gone to perdition.

CHAPTER II.

YOUTHFUL HABITS.

A FEW words about my habits and disposition in youth. I was inclined to be quiet and meditative. I seldom spoke. I had much regard for propriety of deportment; was very careful about my apparel, my carriage in walking, my manner of sitting. People considered me rather stupid. Many friends were anxious about me on this account. The years between six and seventeen were spent in study. Afterward I went into business, as narrated before. It was a pleasure to me to resort to hill-tops and shady retreats to contemplate the works of nature. I studied the Buddhist classics; was a vegetarian—ten days.

I loved to think about the heavenly mansion. This was before I learned Christian doctrine. Buddhists and Tauists teach of heaven, but differently from Christians. The Buddhists say that heaven is above—among the clouds—where spirits move; that it is very quiet, very pure. Their heaven has three degrees—the lowest the grosser, the highest the pure. Their hell has eighteen departments. The Tauists

have many heavens and many orders of spirits. They teach that an elixir made from herbs of the mountains has power to confer immortality.

I thought much about the elixir of immortality, for which men seek the herbs in holy mountains. I worshiped heaven and earth, Buddha, and many gods. People called me very devout. Nevertheless my heart was perturbed beyond expression. I was greatly afraid of devils, and troubled about spirits. I dwelt upon the thought: "In a little while my parents will die; I shall die; we shall be buried in the ground at the foot of the hill, our bodies given to worms, our spirits perhaps become the associates of hawks."* This was very distressing to contemplate, yet inevitable.

I also heard it said that when men died, their souls were dragged by wicked spirits into a region of darkness (*ing kang*, hades), where they must pass through ten departments for judgment, and suffer much punishment and torture. The place was depicted as very dark, and terribly cold. Spirits agonized with cold. To ponder these things chilled my heart. Day and night, in secret, I shed tears. At night, wherever I went, I feared evil spirits.

Then I heard some say that there was a way

* Hawks are supposed to call a man's spirits away. It is very alarming for a sick person to hear the cry of the hawk.

to escape these terrors and death itself. One must strictly observe forty-nine consecutive keng-sing* days, without once failing. During that day he must remain in a secluded place, discard all business, keep the mind quiet, think of nothing. Though many devils come to tempt, as they will, and try to frighten, even making it appear as if fire were about to consume him, he must be unmoved, and preserve perfect tranquillity in spite of all. When he has thus kept forty-nine consecutive keng-sing days, he will triumph over all wicked spirits, for they will flee from him in fear. He can metamorphose his own body into wood, or fire, or water; can pass invisible through space; can become immortal; for he knows how to make the elixir, and can dwell at will in the spirit-world or in the world of men.

I was very desirous to learn more of these doctrines. How should I keep the keng-sing days, how concoct the elixir? There was no one to teach me. No books could I find to make the subject clear.

---

* Sixty cyclical days, named by the combination of one character in a group of ten ("ten stems") with one character in a group of twelve ("twelve branches"). Good authority states that the Chinese have thus designated days since the twenty-seventh century B. C. The years have been designated in like manner for about twenty centuries only.

One day I heard it said that sometimes at the Municipal Guardian * Temple in the city, living immortality came forth (that is, an immortal † revealed himself in animate form), appearing at one time as an animal, at another in the form of iridescent light. Rejoiced, I treasured the news in my heart. The next morning, at early dawn, I went into the city to the temple, and prayed to Siang Hwong, the idol: "Show me this living immortality! Where is it, that I may attain to it?" Then I made salutations, and shook

---

*Siang Hwong, a Tauist deity.

†The principal immortals of Tauist legends are eight:

1. Chung-li K'üan, the chief and oldest, dating from several centuries before Christ, and represented to have appeared from time to time as a messenger of heaven.

2. Chang Kwoh, A. D., seventh century.

3. Lü Tung-pin, born A. D. 755. Temples were erected to his honor in the twelfth century.

4. Ts'ao Kwoh-k'iu flourished in the eleventh century.

5. Li T'ich-kwai dates from a remote period. He was originally of fine stature; but once having been absent seven days on a visit to the heavenly world, on returning ,the spirit found its body devitalized, and entered the body of a crippled beggar just deceased, in which tenement Li T'ich-kwai continued his terrestrial existence.

6. Hau Siang-tsze, ninth century.

7. Lau Tsai Ho. Sex and time uncertain; generally supposed to be a woman.

8. Ho Sien-ku. A maiden born near Canton, seventh century. At the age of fourteen she achieved immortality by eating powder of mother-of-pearl, as directed by a spirit in a dream. The legend says that in one of her reappearances she rode a brightly-colored cloud.

the urn of lots, and drew forth the number one. A good omen. Attendants in the temple, seeing that I had drawn number one, and appeared to be a student, congratulated me, saying: "This year you will attain the degree of Siu-tsai," (A. B.) These words I doubted exceedingly, and went away disconsolate.

Again I heard that in a Tauist temple on Black Rock Hill was one "Dragon-king, Heavenly-prince,"* who guarded the gate of heaven. "He," I thought, "must know the way to heaven. I will beseech him to guide me." Again I rose early, bathed, changed my apparel, sought the temple, and supplicated the idol: "Lead me with you to the heavenly mansion!" Thus I implored from early morn till noon without ceasing, but saw not the least sign, heard not the least sound in response. There was no help. Grieved and perplexed I returned home. I verily believed that the indwelling spirit in the idol could manifest itself, and let my eyes see or ears hear a sign indicating how to pursue the heavenly way. Afterward I reflected that I had been rash; I, so insignificant, to appeal to so honorable a god! Hence my prayers had not been granted. I must first pay devotion to a god in my own neighborhood,

* Wong Lung Kmang T'ieng-kung. Represented by an image with three eyes.

and seek guidance from him. I went to the Great-king* in our neighborhood and worshiped frequently. On Tai-wong's birthday, and at the time of the lantern festival,† I attended upon him, changed his clothes, and spread feasts before him.

Once as I was changing the idol's clothes I was seized with sudden consternation. What was the cause? A great rat which jumped out of Tai-wong's body and ran away. Approaching again, and examining closely, I discovered that the garments, and even the beard of the idol, had been gnawed by the rat. I was very angry. Audacious rat! to enter the sacred person of Tai-wong, to nest therein, to nibble his clothing, even his beard. I wished to seize the offender, to wreak just vengeance upon it, even death. Ah! foolish, very foolish I! After becoming a disciple of Christ I comprehended that these had all been false, empty imaginings.

Once, in a gathering of Christians, the subject turning upon idols; I rehearsed the episode of the rat in the form of verse:

Compared to those who serve false god,
Rats far more cunning are and wise;
They know the use the god will serve,
And house them safe beneath his eyes.

---

* Tai-wong, a deity of the Tauists, who ranks as constable of a ward.

† The feast of lanterns occurs in the first month annually, from the 11th to the 15th days.

They boldly mount the "Great King's" head,
Rapacious gnaw the sacred beard.
For treatment so irreverent,
What punishment might not be feared?

Small devils all, and nightly guards,
Beholding, dazed, expect to see,
Affrighted by some dire portent,
On flying feet the invaders flee.

They look, and astonishment grows on their faces;
There remaineth a subject to chatter about;
The marauders are safe in their usurped places;
For Tai-wong has a hand which he can not stretch out.

I employed many methods, but all were ineffectual to attain what I desired. My mind was distracted. Several times I was very ill, in delirium, seeing nothing but spirits about me. As the saying is, "Three days wind, four days rain;" I was a few days well, a few days ill.

Thus I grew up to manhood. My parents were oftentimes greatly concerned about my state, physical and mental. They went everywhere consulting idols. For my benefit they had performed the ceremony of "passing through the door."* At another time they secured for me "ten protectors,"† and were at incalculable trouble and much expense on my account.

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*See Doolittle's "Social Life of the Chinese," for a description of the ceremony of "passing through the door."

†A form of life insurance by proxy. Ten men at a temple, in presence of the god, vow to spare, each, one or two years of his own life, the sum total of the years so dedicated to be added to those allotted the suppliant.

Up to sixteen years of age I was put under the care of No-na (the "Mother" Goddess), after that of other gods. One day, when convalescent, I sat up-stairs alone, depressed in spirit, my head on my hands, musing. My eyes chanced to rest on my father's bookcase, where were many books which I had never examined.

A sudden inspiration seized me. Here, right at hand, may be the book which will teach me how to keep the forty-nine days, and how to procure the elixir of life (while my search has been far away). The thought gave me new buoyancy; and, very happy, I arose and went to the case to search for such a book.

My glance passed hastily over the books which I had read, and which were familiar to me, and rested upon a lot which I had not read. They were volumes of the Old and New Testaments. My father had obtained them from Rev. Mr. Maclay, who preached in the neighborhood, and with whom he was well acquainted. The first that I opened was a New Testament. Eagerly I scanned its pages. Alas! I could not read understandingly a word. (It was in colloquial character, which style was introduced by missionaries; something like phonetic spelling to English readers.) Turning over leaf after leaf, one name alone was conspicuous on every page;

and nothing else could I see but the name Ya-su, Ya-su, (Jesus, Jesus.)

I was disappointed and angry; and in a sudden passion of rage I tore the book to pieces, threw the fragments on the floor, and, not satisfied with destroying the book, I wished for some sharp implement by which I might expunge the hated name Ya-su, which stared at me from the mutilated pages. In my heart, I chided my father for having so many books of this sort. Why fill the house with the literature of the Christian sect? What use or reason in it?

Later, on my coming to a knowledge of the doctrine of Christ, I recognized that in this action had been fulfilled the words of the Psalmist, "They hated me without a cause." I also thought, with such a disposition, the crowd about the cross had cried out, "Crucify him! crucify him!"

Was I not, indeed, in the same category with them?

Alas! a sinner, I knew not that He who, in the beginning, created man, heaven, earth, and all things; who dwells with the Supreme God; who is the way of eternal life,—this one, become man, was this same Jesus.

He who alone, for our sake, descended from heaven, sacrificed his body and shed his blood to redeem us from sin and save us from ever-

lasting death, who commissioned us to attain everlasting life, in endless joy to roam the heavenly plains,—was this Jesus.

He who corresponded exactly to that for which I had so imploringly longed, so hungered and thirsted, whose salvation I had craved,—was Jesus.

Him, the source of my life, my ladder of ascent to heaven, my true righteousness,—why knew I not to love and reverence him; to draw near to him, instead of piercing and rejecting him in anger?

My conception is that the cause was Satan dwelling within me; that I myself was under the control of the devil. Therefore, at that time, if I but heard or saw the name of Jesus, without cause or reason, immediately I loathed, rejected, feared, and hated him.

(This is common, a hatred of the name of Jesus among those who know nothing of his doctrines.)

Alas! I was blind and ignorant. But, verily, the merciful, compassionate, humanely-loving Savior, the Lord Jesus, came early to save me, to comfort, to guide me.

Ah me! my sin was exceeding great—exceeding lamentable. Subsequently, I often heard my father, discoursing with friends, say that idols were mere images of clay and wood, unin-

telligent, untrustworthy. Moreover, all who worshiped them sinned against God, the Lord of heaven. They were, for example, like children who for nurture received from their parents should return them no thanks, but accord all their merit to another. Was not this wrong?

My father also said: "Christianity is good. I myself am so pressed by business affairs that I have not time to investigate the doctrine, and fear I should practice imperfectly. I advise you all, friends, to begin before me to be Christians."

The idea which friends formed, at this time, was that Christianity comprehends influence, wealth, salvation; thinking only of temporal relations, they fathomed not the depths of spiritual meaning therein. When I heard image-worship accounted sinful, and heard the various remarks made by our friends, I revolted, and felt humiliated. Over it all, I groaned.

CHAPTER III.

MENTAL STRUGGLES.

SOME time about the year 1857 my older brother, Pó Mi, who had been engaged in military operations in distant parts of the province, came home victorious. Many friends came together to congratulate him and make merry. Not long after, a neighbor came to me privately, and whispered:

"Your brother goes with the Christians. Are you aware of it? He is at this moment in the chapel talking with foreigners."

I was astounded. Then, for proof, I went and stealthily lay in wait for him, watching the chapel door from a shop opposite. Truly, the statement was a fact. I saw my brother come out of the chapel. Then, with heart palpitating, I ran home and gave information to mother and all the rest. My idea was that my brother would cast away idols, abolish ancestral worship, and revolt against the teachings of the venerable sages, for which meditated crimes we ought all with one heart to beat the drum and drive him from the house.

From this time I began grievously to slander

my brother. All the relatives knew about the matter, and increased talk, saying: "Your father and brother have rejected pure doctrines to embrace corrupt ones; have listened to foreigners' alien speech. Truly, they are blind—outlandish."

One day my brother, Pó Mi, came and said to me: "I know that you usually wish to act according to right principles. Do you not think likewise of me? Simply you are unwilling to examine what manner of doctrine this of Jesus is. You only exercise a harsh judgment, and cherish obstinately the common sentiment, exciting wild discussions, to what advantage? Now, I will make a covenant with you. If you will truly discourse to me correct doctrine, I certainly will follow you in what you preach; if not, you must adopt the creed which I have embraced. Is that satisfactory?"

I thought steadily, and then responded, "It is satisfactory." Accordingly, I discoursed fully upon all that I knew; but what had before seemed to me correct was demolished by my antagonist. I spoke of the importance of worshiping heaven and earth.

He expounded: "Pure ether makes heaven; water and land make earth. They are simply two great bodies, and they are also perishable. But God is a true Spirit, who was before heaven

and earth existed. He is without beginning, without end, without form, or likeness. He is the ruler of the created heaven and earth, the sea, and all things, and man. Men ought to trust in the name of Jesus, and, with sincere, pure heart, worship this true heaven and earth. Just estimate this correctly. If one went into another's house, and neither bowed nor spoke to the inmates thereof, but continually talked and did reverence to the house, would not everybody ridicule him as stupid in committing so great an error?"

Then we discoursed concerning the ancient philosophers and sages. My brother said: "They all honored the commands of heaven. They sought to instruct the people in virtue, in proper government of the family and the state, and to purify the fountains of thought and action in themselves. That which I, at the present time, am learning from the Christians is doctrine which the venerable sages and philosophers wished to learn. In doing this I consider myself, in the truest manner, following the sages. If men read their books, but do not practice in their lives the lessons contained therein, though they build temples, burn incense, and offer sacrifices, they do but disgrace the names of the sages and philosophers."

On the subject of filial piety, he said: "Filial

piety is, as you say, a bright virtue. 'Injure not the body, hair, or integument.' 'Establish the heart in the way of virtue.' 'Extend your family name to posterity.' Within these principles, it may be said, lie the beginning and end of filial piety. There are three specifications* of unfilial character clearly set forth by the ancient sages,—and again five others.† These are important for warning. If they be not heeded, but the things specified be practiced, the result would be the overthrow of good order. However, the worship of ancestral tablets, burning of paper-cash, and offering sacrifices at the

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* The three unfilial specifications are:

1. To do evil for the sake of obeying the commands of parents.

2. To stay by the aged parents under the plea of caring for them, when better service could be rendered them by going forth to win official position or fortune.

3. To have no heirs to transmit to posterity the paternal name.

† The five are:

1. Through indolence, neglecting to provide for parents.

2. Through love of beauty and wine, not providing for parents.

3. Through expenditure of wealth upon wife and children, failing to provide for parents.

4. Through delight in sensual indulgence, disgracing parents.

5. Through rash engagement in fierce combats imperiling parents; *e. g.*, Confucius said he wanted no man with him who, unarmed, would go up-hill to meet a tiger.

graves of ancestors, are but dead leaves and branches of the more important principles. They are also easy to do. Only that filial man who depends not upon the observance of mere forms, who with sincere heart does his real duty, may be called a man of genuine filial piety."

Again, on the object of worship: "The God I worship is a true living Spirit, and differs as heaven from earth from the inanimate objects, false gods of modeled clay and carved wood, the work of men's hands."

He discoursed of unrighteousness, perverted customs, wicked imaginations, etc., more than would be easy to enumerate. The language which he used to expound his doctrine was new to me. I had never heard the like. When I wished to imitate his language to confound his arguments, I found I could not.

Carefully considering his words I recognized his principles to be right; but I thought, "If I adopt his principles, it makes all that I have done not righteous, but sinful." I was, therefore, exceedingly loath to listen to his words.

I also reflected, "People of the Middle Kingdom, from remote periods of antiquity to the present time, have done thus, and only you in this day declare them to have been in error. Is it possible that you have the very highest degree of wisdom?" I truly thought his dis-

course was very wrong,—insulting to the spirit of Buddha. Emotions were strong in my heart, but I had no corresponding words to reply.

My brother broke the silence. "If you have nothing to say, now take my view. Together let us follow these principles of right reason."

I answered: "I have not read books thoroughly. I have not oratorical ability to debate with you." (I thought, "Another will answer him.") My brother said, "You surely know by intuition that the more shallow your knowledge, the more humbly should you examine." I responded: "My sincere devotion, you say, has all been sinful. This I do not believe. If I just obey the teachings of the sages and philosophers—that is, of the three sects, Confucianism, Tauism, and Buddhism, which, from a child, I have heard that everybody maintains—I am satisfied. What necessity is there to join a foreign sect?"

My brother replied: "This doctrine is not an invention of foreigners. You must not name it 'foreign sect.' The Lord of heaven, the true God's Holy Spirit inspired prophets to record on paper this Heaven's Book.* The doctrine is

* A legend is current with the Chinese of the existence of a magic book, known as "Heaven's Book"—*T'ieng Chü.* Allusions to it are found in books nearly or quite a thousand years old, dating before the introduction of Christian-

divine; it accords with man's conscience. You must call it 'God's sect.' All mankind ought reverently to receive this right doctrine. You, of course, wish to act consistently with divine principles and with your own conscience. Why do you reject this alone of which I tell you? You expound what you have learned of the doctrines of the three sects, I am bold to say, altogether as an unskillful physician, whose medicinal compounds cause the patients taking them to grow worse. Take a glance, at present, at the three classes in our China,—the upper, middle, and lower. Is it not true, as the old man says, reproving the child, 'Each generation is more deficient than the former?' Truly, modern customs are perverse. Men's hearts are not like the ancients'. A hundred knavish tricks and

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ity into China. The legend is that the book, at some very remote period of time, fell from heaven, can rarely be found, and if found by one not destined thereto, it presents no legible characters. In connection with it is a precious sword—*po kieng*. When he, whose right it is, discovers the "Heaven's Book" and "precious sword," the book manifests characters empowering the reader to summon to his aid, when needed, legions of angels and archangels, and the sword will drive away demons, devils, and all evil spirits. Rev. Hü Yong Mi said: "In preaching I sometimes speak of the Bible as 'Heaven's Book,' and all are at once interested as in something with which they are familiar. I tell them that it, too, has no meaning to them unless they are converted."

lies are enacted, and they increase daily. Do you not know it?

"Now, God has shown compassion, and his only Son, Jesus, has descended to this world, and has come to be our excellent great physician. The remedy he uses is his truth. He has also commissioned his servants, masters from Western lands, to come to our Middle Kingdom for the express purpose of proclaiming these blessed tidings. If men are not obstinate, not doubtful, but willing to partake, they will arise from death to life. This is our people's great blessing."

I thought, "I uttered but one sentence, and from it he has had matter upon which to expatiate long, long, long; therefore I will not listen to him," and I immediately ran away. My brother then called after me, "Somebody is defeated—ah! ah!"

CHAPTER IV.

MISSIONARY INFLUENCES.

ONE day, my father being sick, two American ministers, Rev. Mr. Maclay and Rev. Mr. Gibson, called to see him and to pray for him. I saw them kneel without any incense stand, one facing the east, one facing the west, and could not comprehend what they were doing. Ignorant, I laughed, and left the room. Not long after I was drawing in my room, when my elder brother came and said to me: "The two preachers, who called the other day, came to pray for our father's health. You are his child, yet you were not only unwilling to kneel with them, but even dared to laugh. In this you were truly contumacious toward God, and rebellious against your father. It was a great sin. You must now kneel down with me, and I will make confession for you and beseech forgiveness." He further urged me into compliance.

Prayer over, he said: "You are in duty bound to abide by the agreement which we made some days ago. To-morrow is the Sabbath; you must go with me to the chapel and see the service, and judge for yourself."

I saw no way to decline; then, just to gratify him, I nodded assent. When it was done, my heart was very heavy; for from a child I had worshiped a porcelain image of the Goddess of Mercy, and thought it possessed intelligence. I could not tolerate the idea of leaving it. Therefore, that evening I burned incense, and lighted candles, and implored the goddess, saying: "Alas! this devotee has discussed doctrines with his brother many times, and can not gain a victory. Since, on a former day, we entered into an agreement that to whichever discoursed the purest doctrine the other would submit, my brother now holds me fast to my engagement. I have no words to refuse. Now, what help is there for it? If I go to worship the Supreme Ruler (Siong Ta), according to what he says, I can not then worship thee, Spirit of Buddha. If, verily, thou only hadst intelligence, then immediately shouldst thou make response and declare his sin in insulting thee; how much more thou, Buddha, of ways illimitable! Now is the extremest limit of time. Thou oughtest and must come to help me. If thou dost not so, thou wilt summon thy worshiper in vain." All night I prayed. I perceived not the least shadow or sound in response. My moanings were more than I could utter. The next morning there was no recourse but to accompany my brother to

Ching Sing Tong (Church of the True God) to attend service. All the way, as we walked together, my head was bowed low; I feared lest I should meet an acquaintance who would ridicule me. Arrived at the door of Ching Sing Tong, I entered hastily. Within, I saw several men and a number of children. They were just beginning to sing, using the tune of the Jasmine.* Having finished singing, all stood quiet, and Rev. Mr. Maclay prayed. I had remained seated, but my heart was not at rest. I must perforce arise; then I bowed my head after the manner of the others who were engaged in prayer.

From that moment I began to experience gladness of heart. I thought to worship the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth was the most excellent thing, and service to this Lord the duty of all men of the myriad kingdoms under heaven. The doctrine which I heard, topic by topic, was all very pure, very true. I recognized that what I had before done was wrong; that I had been perverse and stupid. Secretly I repented my former hasty words exciting discussion, slander, sinning against God, and insulting my father and brother.

But, with a boastful tongue I had said, "Men may cut off my head, all right, but need not try

* Muh-le-hwa; a very popular song heard at theaters, etc.

to compel me to join the Christian sect; resolute to the end, I will never submit."

This all our relatives and friends had already heard. With what shamefacedness could I now say, "I now, also, go and worship God." So I sighed.

On our return home my brother asked, "What did you think of the service to-day?" "It was good—pretty good," I replied; "but I question one thing. Why use the common Muh-le-hwa song to sing praise to the Lord of heaven and earth, who is said to be a most righteous God, most honorable, most holy? I also saw that the people stood to pray, not assuming a humble, reverential attitude. Is it proper to worship God in that manner?"

My brother replied: "Being vulgar or proper, false or true, depends upon the thought in man, not upon the time nor the ceremony. If we use that time to breathe right thoughts, it becomes right; if we use it for a corrupt song, it becomes corrupt. God regards not the outward form, but the heart of man."

About two weeks after this, one evening, as the whole household was assembled, my father and brother quietly led the talk between themselves to the subject of Christianity, with the idea of letting the whole assembly have the benefit of their views.

In the midst of the conversation my father embraced a suitable opportunity and addressed the company with the inquiry, "You have all heard the doctrine a long time; have you yet determined to accept and obey it?" There was silence. Each one looked at the other. My father then addressed me personally, and said, "Your eyes need not look at another; have you yourself in your heart truly decided or not?"

Slowly, in a low voice, I answered, "I have, indeed, I have; I do not know what all the rest think."

They were all looking at me and smiling, and now said, "We all have decided."

From this time there was great happiness in the household. We assembled for prayers and Scripture reading. I put to rights a room up-stairs, setting table and chairs in order, and there the whole family assembled morning and evening for devotions. All the images and the pictures of false gods were destroyed, except only the white porcelain image of the Goddess of Mercy, which my father presented to Dr. Maclay. I had on hand about one hundred and eighty or ninety pictures of idols which I had made for sale. My first thought was, "I will sell these off as quickly as possible, and not make any more."

With this object in view I took them all out

into the street, and had proceeded as far as the head of the bridge of Ten Thousand Ages, when my heart began to upbraid me with the question: "You know that it is sin against the Lord of heaven to worship these idols: why do you sell them to others for them to worship?" Immediately I threw one after another over the bridge, letting the wind carry them down into the water. Passers-by tried to seize them, exclaiming, "Why do you throw them away? Better give them to us!" They pitied me, thinking me crazy. I then used the occasion for a text, and preached to the people: it was my first sermon.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE next day was the Sabbath. Impatiently I waited for the dawn, and before light, rose and made my toilet, very happy to wait to hear the bell of Ching Sing Tong, when together we went to worship.

Of course, little that I heard preached at the chapel was clear to me; but my heart understood that Jehovah was the true God and Supreme Ruler, and acknowledged Jesus to be a Savior. To worship him filled my heart with joy and gladness. From this time I grew in wisdom and knowledge, could distinguish between true and false, wrong and right, shadow and substance. Day and night I meditated without ceasing, and I grew like to the flowers and trees in spring, when the branches and the leaves push forth more beautiful, more glorious, and nothing can repress them. Or, it was as if I had attained to a new heaven and a new earth, most bright and pleasantly brilliant.

The more I thought, the more I relished; the more I pondered, the more I perceived there was involved an inexhaustible mystery of truth. I

perceived how blind I had been in my former words, thoughts, and actions, and was greatly ashamed. Those things which I had loved and revered seemed now to me but as childish toys; what I had cherished as precious, I now regarded as dirt. Formerly, as I had looked upon the world, my imagination dwelt upon the variety of its beauties and glories; now, it seemed to me like the nether world of darkness; its inhabitants seemed like monsters, or as if half man and half beast on the revolving wheel,* turning day by day. Their dishonor and disgrace they still regard as glory and honor, even to be coveted. Their food is deceit, unrighteousness, wickedness, uncleanness. Their pleasures are defiled, sinful, deadly. I was like a lost sheep which has recognized the voice of the true shepherd. My soul leaped with strong desire to commune with the Heavenly Father; but I knew not how to pray according to the Heavenly Father's will.

I recognized that the Holy Spirit helped me, and filled my heart with sighs and tears of joy. I wished to sing continually. Everything in which I engaged seemed to excite me to joy and to tears. I very much wished to tell of my joy, but was unable to express it. It was as if I had found a very precious treasure, yet knew not

*The revolving wheel in the Tauists' hell, upon which men change into insects, birds, beasts, etc.

how to estimate it. Each day was a new day. With this joy the most glorious things in the world, the most exceeding precious, were incomparable, because the joy proceeded not from aught earthly, but welled up from the soul. If the world and all therein were destroyed, this joy would remain. If offered all the honors and treasures of earth in exchange, I would not have stopped to consider, but would directly have declined. This language is truly not boastful. My soul alone knew this great joy, and disciples of Jesus who have experienced it know; others know not what it is, nor whence it comes,—this most precious treasure in all the world. Not only so: many seeing me filled with joy, or moved to tears, still argued with and ridiculed me; but I continually raised fervent thanks to God that the grace of Jesus had saved me, drawing me out of the world of so great darkness, unrighteousness, and sin. I desired also to exhort others. Whenever I met friends I talked with them on the subject of what had influenced me, the truth which had so deeply taken possession of me. The more I spoke, the more my happiness increased, and the clearer grew my perceptions. I perceived that in myself were very hateful, corrupt thoughts, and as soon as I recognized them I prayed, determined to exert all strength to put them away.

It seemed to me not very difficult to become righteous. I hungered and thirsted for the reading of the Holy Scriptures, but I did not know how to bring out the meaning. If very little only was plain to me, it gave me added joy. I often went to Chong Seng Sang* to ask Rev. Mr. Maclay to explain a passage of Scripture to me. He told me that he formerly read the Bible frequently in the evening, kneeling; and if the meaning were not clear, he prayed the Holy Spirit to reveal it. In the same manner, accordingly, I studied the Bible each night, kneeling. By day, as I worked at painting, a portion of the Bible lay at my left hand to read as I mixed paints with the right. Sometimes two or three others who were seekers after truth came together with me, and we conferred upon our mutual experience and the knowledge we had attained. Often on the Sabbath the missionary preacher used for his text the very passage of Scripture which I, at the time, most wished explained. So, gradually, I profited in the things of the gospel. I revered the Sabbath of the Lord as most precious—so great regard, so great affection, so great gladness in the day, that too slowly it came, and all too quickly passed away.

Day by day, such parts of Scripture as I did

* The name of the hill upon which is situated the Methodist Episcopal mission compound.

not understand I hid in my heart, and pondered over, waiting for the Holy Spirit to make plain the truth.

I thought that, since God with special design had given the gospel to man, he must wish man to know his will, and I should surely receive his spirit to instruct me. Sometimes suddenly there came the clear comprehension of an obscure passage of Scripture, either through heart experience in some passing event, or through sight or hearing in the midst of multitudinous affairs of all kinds.

So I thought all things earthly and heavenly become commentaries on the Holy Scriptures. Some may be obtained at once, some after a few years, or a few tens of years. I, after these tens of years, am still receiving Bible doctrine inexhaustible; I just read and pray, and it never grows old. It is like a mountain of gold, from which men may take as much as they will, and none to forbid. At this time I very much longed and prayed for a missionary to live with me, in order that it might be convenient for me to ask explanation of many passages of Scripture not yet clear.

I secretly rejoiced that, through divine grace, I had now been guided out of a bewildered way, out of corrupt thoughts and all unrighteousness. I thought it most important that I become per-

fectly pure. I was circumspect and careful, and exercised all energy to keep the Ten Commandments of God.

Alas! I did not then know that, quiet within, lay concealed the original heart.

Although the lips said trust in the Holy Spirit was necessary, and I prayed also for help, yet in my heart I imagined that I was strong and wise to keep the commandments. Since it had seemed easy to me before to change from wrong thoughts to right, and to turn away from all the former engagements, I did not perfectly perceive the merit due to the Holy Spirit. My heart was still dark and ignorant. I was like a new-born child—fed, comforted, caressed by its mother, knowing not sorrow nor fear; or like an infant just learning to prattle, or to take its first steps—happy, yet not knowing the source of its help nor the reason for its delight, but supposing its tottering steps and lisping words to be the result of its own skill, not knowing to give honor to parents, brothers, sisters, and all helpers.

Although I early had ardor to exhort men, my words were mostly declamatory against the wickedness of the world. I regarded men's faults as a controversialist, pleased when, in debate, my opponents were humbled and silenced. Notwithstanding this was somewhat in accord

with the necessity of the time, truly I was deficient in tenderness and affection.

The young child's thoughts are of its food alone. If it should attempt to walk, and no one helps, it will fall.

From the time that I began wishing strictly to keep all the commands of God, and to serve him with the whole heart and whole mind, and to love others as myself, I found it to be very difficult and myself very weak, with no strength to endure. Constantly I was made angry and impatient by violent language of brethren older in the faith; then arose wicked thoughts. Assaults without grew in frequency and force. I was very sad that I could not withstand.

Then, too, what I ought not to think would perversely of itself come into my mind. Words that I ought not to hear I would accidentally hear; these stuck as if glued. Things which I ought not to say—certain vain words—now and then would slip out. So great the power of evil thoughts in the heart that groans and trembling, cries and fierce contests, were insufficient to expel them; only when I knelt and prayed I gained a transient victory. I began to comprehend that there lurked a host of small sins, and one was no sooner vanquished than another appeared.

Occasionally, while thinking, there was the

idea as if one suddenly arose within me, using exceedingly immoral, corrupt language. I would praise God; he blasphemed, and, with odious voice, ridiculed and jeered. I affirmed; he denied. Thus, day and night, was there fighting within, without ceasing. At this time it seemed to me that my heart was so polluted that it would be well if I could, with a knife, cut it out and wash it clean with pure water. Therefore was I sometimes sad, sometimes joyful,—now in danger, now in safety,—here fear, there laughter,—as life, death, joy, grief, battled, with the least turn of victory or defeat on the one side or the other.

Often I sighed: "Alas! I am very weary!" The more I wished to subdue evil desires, the more they grew; the more I wished to obey the law, the more I perceived rebellion against the law. I also perceived that these evil desires wrought conjointly with Satan to bind me and deliver me to death.

If not constantly watchful, prayerful, relying upon the help of the Lord, they would not flee from me. If, at the end, I had the joy of victory, it was all through prayer and the special grace of the Lord sustaining and causing me to be fearful and watchful. When I failed I suffered pain, and prayed to be saved and pardoned. Again, I would reflect on the various faults com-

mitted in one day, and resolve to be very careful on the morrow, hoping to escape committing any.

To this end, before rising in the morning, I lay with closed eyes, that the new light of day might not steal away my thoughts, and reflected on all the events likely to befall me during the day, resolving to be careful in thought, word, and deed, patient under provocation, in every condition and action obedient to the commands of God. Then I opened my eyes to begin the day. I rose devoutly watchful, read the Scriptures, prayed, and went to work.

When at evening again I examined myself, still were there lamentations. Why? Because to-day's temptations had been different from yesterday's.

I now comprehended that my whole body was an enemy to God, not yet brought truly into subjection.

I thought if, at this present time, when, with all my powers, I strive to keep the law of God, I realize my sins so many, how must it have been in the former time when I knew nothing of and cared nothing for the law of God! At that time were not my deeds, my thoughts, my words, as to goodness or devoutness, all fallacious? All accorded with what my natural disposition delighted in, and were contrary to God.

Were they not all sins? Alas! an endlessly vexing question.

I knew not why my heart should be so. Formerly, when I was a worshiper of idols, attached to all heathen rites, I had full faith, no shadow of doubt in the idols, and served them with spontaneous reverence.

Now, why could I not exercise faith in like manner toward God? Formerly, I simply did not know God and the Savior, Jesus; therefore, without reason, I rejected him. If for all sins there be hope of forgiveness, still more is it possible in God's wide clemency for forgiveness of those sins, unknowingly, unconsciously committed.

Now that I have an intelligent conception of God—three Persons in One—and ardently wish to subject myself to, and to work for, God, why is it not possible for me with a pure heart to keep his holy law, and with the whole heart and whole soul serve him?

Since the Lord Jesus has manifested his great love toward me, why am I so hard-hearted as not to perceive his love, and to let his precious blood wash all my sins away and stimulate my soul?

My heart wished to love Jesus. Why did I not cherish great love for him in my innermost soul, as for a most intimate friend? I thought,

my worthless heart is still hypocritical, and does not yet really believe in the Lord; therefore, it is not in accord with the Holy Scriptures.

Afterward, I considered that the same faith and reverence toward false and inanimate objects could not be devoted to the true, living God.

To illustrate: The wild fruits, which beasts devour and which are unfit for men to eat, are the more unworthy to offer our superiors and elders. One must take good fruit and graft it upon the wild, then will there be good fruit. If a man's affections be not joined to the Spirit of Jesus, he has not the strength, according to God's will, to serve him.

Then I said, I am a self-deluded man. In former years I regarded myself, as compared with other men, very much better; now I perceive my innermost heart to be the most sinful in all the world. Now what shall I do to be saved? Because faith, trust, and justification were not yet clearly explained to me, therefore the more I examined, the more I feared; the more I thought, the more I desponded,—like the fears and tremblings before the thunders and lightnings of Sinai. My whole soul was sick with sorrow. Unable to sleep or to eat, my face grew thin, my body weak. Although I prayed importunately, my sorrowing heart experienced no consolation.

In the year 1860, in the Chinese emperor Hien Fëng's tenth year, on the twentieth day of the first month, my father died.

At that time Rev. Mr. Gibson and Rev. Wm. Burns, supposing that my great sorrow was on account of my father's death, spoke many words to comfort me. They knew not that my greatest sorrow was for sin. I wished to tell them, but did not know how.

When my father was about to leave the world I was at his bedside. I saw him kneel in prayer upon his bed. Afterward he said: "The Savior has come. Now, immediately, he will receive my soul into heaven."

After a little he was unable to speak, but still knelt upon the bed, one hand pressed upon the heart to indicate peace, one hand pointing upward to indicate that he was going to the heavenly kingdom. Then he lay down and expired.

Although naturally we sorrowed, yet truly, in the midst, received we comfort of the Heavenly Father; for we thoroughly knew that our father, through the gate of death, had entered life eternal, to be forever there. He had been on earth as a stranger in a foreign land, and was now at home. We, too, should soon all go thither and see him again. But I, in soul and body, had constantly great conflict with sin, and a sad heart of fears and terrors.

One Sabbath day I was alone in a small house (my art shop) at the right of Ching Sing Tong. I lay with my head resting on a pile of bedding, weeping and sighing as I prayed: "Lord Jesus, I am about to die; thou must quickly come and save me, the chief of sinners. If, Lord, thou dost not save, who else can save me out of my sins?—for of all beings, thou alone art a Savior. Why dost thou leave me to weep and to implore?" Suddenly there was a sound distinctly heard in my right ear, saying: "Child, thy sins are forgiven; why dost thou not believe it?" Immediately I knew it was the Lord's voice. My heart leaped. Hastily opening my eyes, I looked to the right and the left, but saw no form. Then I quickly knelt beside the bed and prayed, asking, "Lord, where art thou?" A small voice, without sound, in my heart, answered: "I am on thy left side, and I am on thy right." O, how my soul was inspired! How it leaped! I could not restrain the flood of tears. Words are all inadequate to express my thanksgiving that the grace of the Lord had saved me, a sinner, from innumerable burdens of sorrow.

From that time my illness was all gone. Daily I lived on earth as if in heaven. My exceeding joy was far greater than the joy before experienced.

The Spirit of the Lord filled my heart daily, enabling me to be virtuous and devout. Every

hour, every moment, I realized that the Lord dwelt in me, and I dwelt in the Lord. The fountain of this happiness was incomparably precious.

But, alas! even at this time I did not know whence the blessedness came. I realized, in my heart a constant desire to pray without ceasing. In all manner of business, in every thought, every action, every state, the thought of prayer was blended. The great desire of my heart was to come into intimate communion with the Heavenly Father.

Like a child that had lost its way, and has just returned to its parents' home, my soul's every moment's greatest delight was to cry, "Father! Father!" Besides, I wished all the time to sing and give praise for the grace of the Lord, which filled my soul to overflowing, so that my mouth must open and my voice break forth.

I must leave all other work, and go everywhere proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus. If not so, still it could not be restrained from bubbling forth. Afterwards, I comprehended that this was in accordance with the language of Scripture. Jesus said: "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

At that time, there were some who supposed that I had about gone crazy.

CHAPTER VI.

A LAY PREACHER.

FROM the time that I experienced the attainment of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, I received the fullness of the Holy Spirit, constantly walked close with God, had daily joy beyond comparison, and was willing to give up everything to follow Jesus. The Lord's love had great power in my heart, subduing me; but I greatly wished to proclaim the will of the Lord to all men.

My business at that time was drawing and painting, whereby I earned three or four hundred cash * every day. Afterward, I opened a shop for glass paintings. I was greatly indebted to Rev. Otis Gibson for his kind assistance in purchasing the glass for me, and for suggesting the work. By this new industry my income increased several fold. It was strange that the money came more and more when my mind was not the least fixed on money-making.

Soon I took a few apprentices, and engaged an assistant in the shop; and we could not all

* Three hundred cash is equivalent to about twenty-five cents.

make pictures as fast as they sold. There was a Church member whom I had taught drawing, and who had a number of pictures on hand. These I took to my shop to sell. Customers who came, strangely enough, all wished to buy my pictures, and my friend's lot remained unsold. Then, fearing that he would be in want of money, I bought over his stock, and in one or two days it was all sold off. Everybody seemed to think it quite wonderful. I thought, God has conferred his blessing upon me. Naturally, I thanked him for his great goodness.

Yet was I not content. Why? Thinking of the far more important business concerning the precious souls of multitudes passing to and fro on the "great street," I was eager to have some one offer me Ching Sing Tong, that I might open its doors all day, and reap the glorious wages of soul-saving. Then could my heart respond, "Amen!"

Of this I dared not speak. I feared people would say: "This young man wishes not to work, but has a very ambitious spirit."

However, let men think as they would, I could not endure not to preach. Therefore, by day, I stole off to the great street of the city, or to neighboring villages, seeking opportunity to make known right doctrine. In the evenings, I went to the houses of neighbors and friends,

and exhorted them to come to Jesus and walk in the way to heaven. Friends, hearing me talk, were astonished, and said: "This man, when young, never wished to speak a word. If he spoke, it was in a very soft voice. Now, suddenly, he has great courage, and speaks in a loud voice, without ceasing." They thought that the gospel of Jesus truly had a remarkable effect. Strangers also, seeing me, marveled, and asked: "How came this man to be so? Why hangs always the name of Jesus upon his lips? Reviled by men with many evil words, why does he not become angry, and retort? He does not appear stupid nor crazy. Ah! probably he has taken some foreign drug, which has bewitched him,* and made him comply, body and soul." (Literally, accord head, accord will.) Others said: "He is a man of heaven; we can not imitate him."

One day I had preached, in a back street in the city, to a company of upward of a hundred, who listened very quietly, till, having finished speaking, I had departed a little way. Then the shopmen instigated a troop of children to

* There is current a belief that children are kidnaped in the streets by one placing upon their forehead a magic powder, which compels the child to follow where led. Teachers of Christianity were supposed to have some like potent drug for accomplishing their purposes.

assault me with broken tiles and dirt. At the same time the men vociferated loudly, to frighten me into making quick escape from the neighborhood. At once I turned about, and, in an unconstrained manner, re-entered the crowd. They, seeing that I appeared quite at ease and unaffrighted, ceased their noises, and separated to allow me to pass quietly through their midst. Praise to God for his presence with me in tumult and in calm, through both opening the way to victory!

One Sabbath, I, with Ting Sing Mi* and Wong Kin Taik,† went to the house of Ling Cheng Mi, to invite him to accompany us to a village where I was to preach. Ling Cheng Mi had an idol-shop, where clay images were made. Because the worship of God would bring this, his business, to an end, his wife and mother, seeing us come to the house, were very angry. They vented their rage in many opprobrious words, dashed against us a filthy broom, and called to some one to bring a knife and cut off our feet, that we might not again come to the place. Several hundred had collected in the street, and many climbed upon the shop-counters for standing-room. These all helped

* Ting Sing Mi, now in the American Board Mission.

† Wong Kin Taik, now ordained preacher in the English Church Mission.

the women to revile us. "Now," thought I, "there is no alternative; I must speak to them." They were quiet a little while only; then clamor rose again.

Here, opportunely, appeared a friend of mine—a Vegetarian* (who had once influenced me to become a Vegetarian)—and exhorted all, saying: "Listen, or do not listen—in that matter please yourselves; but let each man attend to his own business." To me he said: "These all are, of course, unwilling to hear you. You would do better to speak elsewhere."

Ting Sing Mi went to relate the facts of the case to my father; but Wong Kin Taik and I proceeded to another village. Notwithstanding I had met with such treatment, my heart had increased gladness, and I was willing, from that time, to shed my blood for the Lord. "But, alas!" I thought, "my blood is too little;"—

"That were a present far too small."

On my return to my shop, my father was awaiting me there. At sight of me, he hastily inquired: "Who reviled you? You must give me the names. Who dares revile my son? Go with me, and point out the men." My heart engaged in secret prayer. I replied to

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*Buddhists, who think merit is attained by abstaining from animal food.

my father: "The Bible says, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.'" Hearing these words, my father clapped his hands, as if well pleased, and said, "Yes, your faith is greater than mine." He then returned home, and I praised God aloud, who had committed to me the charge of suffering for Jesus' sake.

Concerning Wong Kin Taik, I had anxiety, because he had just that day determined to be a Christian, and I feared his resolution would be weakened. Therefore, I engaged in prayer for him, and for Ling Cheng Mi, till my voice wearied.

Cheng Mi, at this time, had just begun to close his shop and keep the Sabbath, and consequently suffered great persecution from all the members of his household. Early and late they kept guard over him, not allowing him to leave the house. They feared that, if he went abroad, he would come to me, and I would use some drug or other method to compel him to acquiesce with head and heart.

One night Cheng Mi's wife attempted to commit suicide by hanging. She had dressed herself carefully, as if to go abroad; then went to her own room, and closed the door. Suspicion was excited. She was discovered, and res-

cued before the rope had proved fatal. That night her mother came to the door of my shop, called my name aloud, and cursed me in the most terrible language I had ever heard. According to native ideas, it was very shameful abuse. I, in a loud voice, sang hymns, and, after about an hour, she went away.

After a few days, Cheng Mi made appointment, by letter, to meet me at a certain place. At sight of me, he was both glad and distressed. He said: "My wife has several times attempted suicide,—by rope, by opium, by poison. Each time I have discovered it in time to frustrate her design. Now, what shall I do?"

I exhorted him, saying: "This is one of the crafty schemes of the devil to allure men from the way of truth. But you know that the power of life and death belongs to God. It is important to stand firm, and to press forward. You must not doubt. Call upon God in prayer. Preserve a loving, tender heart. Beseech God, with tears, for your wife; and open your mouth that she may hear you pray. I believe that her hardened heart will recognize her sin, and that in less than a week she will come to you and confess her sins."

Cheng Mi exclaimed, "Can it be so?"

"It can be so," I answered, "if you are only willing to pursue the method. God will surely

bring to pass what you ask; because the Bible says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Only have faith, and this mountain you can remove into the sea. I, too, will pray for you."

Having heard these words, he returned home greatly comforted.

He daily followed the rules given, and in a day or two, of course, received help of the Holy Spirit.

On Friday evening following, Cheng Mi came and reported: "What you said was prophetic; truly, it is fulfilled. With me it was impossible. God is omnipotent,—that word is very true. Now my wife wishes to see you, to confess to you her fault, but feels ashamed to face you."

I was rejoiced to go. Some urged me not to do so, thinking that so sudden a conversion must be feigned. I went at once to her house.

When I saw Cheng Mi's wife before me, making confession of sin, I said to her: "Heretofore you were ignorant; now God has given you the grace of repentance, you should, with me, worship God, confess your sins, and ask pardon of the Lord. Two days hence, come to Ching Sing Tong and worship God with gladness."

Not long after, his mother and little brother came to hear preaching. Truly my heart was inexpressibly glad. Still I was anxious about Kin Taik, and always praying for him.

One day, Kin Taik came to me very sorrowful. He immediately threw himself prostrate on the floor, praying. Since his mother had learned that I had led her son to the Christians, she had been very angry, and cursed me, gnashing her teeth till her breath was gone. Kin Taik took an instrument and pried open her mouth, his heart burdened with sadness, and engaged in importunate prayer.

When breath returned to his mother, she then said to Kin Taik: "Are you now willing to promise me never again to go to that man's house, and never to speak of Christianity again? If you do so, I shall be entirely well of my illness."

Kin Taik replied: "There is no need to speak of that now. Wait till mother is well; I will then talk plainly."

On this account, for a long time, Kin Taik had not come to see me. His circumstances were very distressing. They kept strict guard over him—not allowing him to leave the place. When, a few times, he attempted to go out, the mother fainted away again as if dying.*

One day it was necessary for Kin Taik to go out to sell his pictures. (He, too, was a landscape painter.) He called, therefore, to see me

*According to Chinese ideas, it is a great crime to disobey a parent, or bring trouble upon father or mother.

a few moments; but a brother, who had secretly followed him, rushed in while we were talking, and exclaimed: "Now mother is ill again,—very dangerously. I have straightway come to compel you to return home." Although this brother was a literary man, a sin-tsai (A.B.), he was not very bright. When I offered him tea he persistently declined, fearing that in the tea might be a drug potent to convert him to Christianity.

Kin Taik went home with his brother, and his mother so restricted him to the house, forbidding his leaving it, that for two or three months he did not come to me. I was very anxious about him, not knowing whether his faith was firm enough to triumph over his mother's opposition. Therefore, one Sabbath, after service, I went to the city to seek him. Before starting, I fasted and prayed. Walking along the street, I dared not turn my eyes to the right or the left; but with head bowed and eyes on the ground, exercised my whole soul in prayer. I feared not what calamity might befall me on arriving at his house; I was willing to suffer, if need be. On my arrival, the people of the house seemed very much alarmed. Kin Taik's mother immediately closed the door of her room, and would not see me. I questioned Kin Taik as to his faith. In a low voice he

responded: "In the midst of black darkness, one must have light. When the sky is bright, there is natural light." I answered him: "You must be diligent to come to the light, lest your light be darkened."

I then turned to go home. Kin Taik and his brother accompanied me to the outer door. As I parted from Kin Taik, I said to him, further, "If you only pray constantly, and trust in the help of God, you will triumph over all."

Kin Taik at home sometimes groaned, sometimes sang with loud voice, sometimes knelt and prayed, and sometimes, with members of the household or with neighbors, discoursed Christian doctrine.

People did not know the reason for his acting thus. Some supposed him to be deranged. Often, while he was painting, his brush would wander over the picture and ruin it, because his thoughts were not on his work, his whole mind being set on going to church.

Through sorrow, he became emaciated. His mother, observing him so thin and sad, remarked: "Your father died long ago, when your brothers were all little. Then circumstances were very afflictive. Now the brothers are grown to manhood; we are all prosperous; why are you troubled?"

Kin Taik replied: "I am not troubled about

those things. If my mother is willing for me to go and worship God, I shall then be well."

His mother, sighing, answered: "I wish now to save my son's life, so please yourself. Go, and become a Christian; but henceforth you need not see my face. I shall reckon my child the same as dead, and you consider me as dead." Kin Taik, hearing the word that he might become a Christian, was more happy than words could express. He gathered up all his painting utensils, and came running to me, exclaiming, as soon as he saw me, "The sky has brightened!"

Now only was he sorrowful on account of the words of his mother, that hereafter they should not see each other. We prayed and sang together, giving thanks for grace received, and earnestly entreating for his mother and brothers.

We then went to the house of Rev. R. S. Maclay, and told him the history, and spoke of Kin Taik's being baptized and entering the Church at the next quarterly-meeting. After that, Kin Taik lived with me awhile, and in a short time we planned to go together to preach the gospel everywhere.

We thought we would just preach, and travel from city to city, from village to village, nor think of turning homewards, but give our whole lives to the Lord's service till death. If the

money which we took gave out, we would eat salt and water, and it should be our living.

In this manner we started to go, everywhere preaching. There were those who debated, who blasphemed, who reviled, and those who received the word with gladness.

Thank the Lord, some darkened hearts were opened and gradually enlightened by the truth. At the end, we had always victory. But, although the heart was willing, the flesh was weak. Moreover at inns and ferries everywhere, money was required, so that we did not follow out our original idea, but were obliged to return.

We went together to my shop. In a few days came a messenger from Kin Taik's mother, calling him to come home. She, finding that he was quite determined, put no more obstacles in his way. At the next quarterly-meeting he was baptized and received into the Church. Afterward, his mother and brothers came to a fair understanding of the truth; but because they esteemed rank with men more than rank with God, and feared men more than they feared God, it was difficult for them to act in accordance with the doctrine of Jesus.

I thought, "Through Ta-ting* the number passing to and fro is very great. I wish that I

* Ta-ting, a large tea pavilion, which gives its name to the locality of Ching Sing Tong.

could open the doors of Ching Sing Tong, and preach all day." Of course, there were others, who took turns preaching there, but not more than two or three hours a day.

One day I requested my brother, Pó Mi, to ask Rev. Otis Gibson if I might be permitted to open Ching Sing Tong, and preach there. My brother inquired, "Would you venture to preach in a large chapel?"

I replied, "I hope the Lord will help me, and give me great courage."

My brother was unaware of my having already preached in the city and in villages. Rev. Mr. Gibson responded by promising to accompany me to a small preaching place in an unfrequented street, for a trial. Going thither, as I walked along the road, I prayed secretly, and, on arrival, I had great courage in preaching. This was my first preaching in a chapel.

CHAPTER VII.

ITINERATING AS A PREACHER.

DURING these days, Rev. R. S. Maclay and my brother, Pó Mi, frequently went together to Ngu Kang, Kwi Hung, Yek Yong, and other places, and I sometimes accompanied them.

One time, after service at Kwi Hung, we went in the afternoon to Ngu Kang, and Rev. Mr. Maclay there invited me to preach. I was willing, and was stirred with many thoughts to preach; but I was timid about taking a text of Scripture to expound, lest the exposition and the text might not accord. If missionaries were not present I had boldness in preaching.

I also went with Dr. Wentworth from village to village, preaching. He was popular where he went, taking notice of little children, etc. At the present time I meet those grown to maturity who were children then, and they make inquiries about him.

Afterward, when I preached daily in Ching Sing Tong, often among the auditors were Tauists, Buddhists, Confucianists, and Roman Catholics. The throng was great and the clamor loud, so that I had to speak with a high

voice in order to drown the voices of the many disputants.

When questioned, I sometimes answered without thoroughly comprehending either question or answer. In after years, when I had read many books, I came across subjects upon which I had been questioned in those early days, and I found that I had answered correctly. Thereby I knew that it was God's Spirit alone that helped me proclaim the doctrine.

One day, Rev. Mr. Maclay said to my brother: "Just now preachers are wanted. Do you know if a certain one would give up his drawing, and go forth to help publish Christian doctrine?"

My brother replied: "At this time he is teaching a few apprentices, who have not yet completed their term of instruction. I think you had better not ask him to go."

He subsequently reported the conversation to me, and I was very sorry. I thought my brother was more concerned about human affairs than about the cause of God. However, I kept silent, and concealed my unhappiness.

Soon afterward Rev. Mr. Maclay returned to his native country. It was very hard for all to part with him, for he was a devout, correct, zealous, careful shepherd.

Not long after, Rev. Mr. Gibson came to

Ching Sing Tong, and said to me: "I know that you often steal away to preach, not giving full six days' work to your business, and that you often follow our ministers into the country on their trips without receiving any remuneration. Now, our mission has decided to pay you a small sum, and the money is committed to me. I pass it to you; you must accept it. Hereafter, when our missionaries invite you to accompany them into the country, they will pay you a fixed sum per week for your rice."

I wished not at all to hear these words. I thought, "Nothing have I to recompense the grace which Jesus has bestowed upon me. His ardent love compels me to what I do. Is that not something to stimulate me?" I feared, moreover, that money furnished would obscure my heart's love for Christ, and make an impediment in my speech as a preacher.

I then answered, "I will not receive it." Rev. Mr. Gibson said: "If you do not take the money, and do not perform your own work, I fear that you will become poor. When any of us go into the country hereafter, we shall not dare ask you to accompany us." I thought, God has abundantly blessed me in my work. I have a surplus. Why are the ministers anxious about me?

Since I had no anxiety myself about anything

at that time, I did not comprehend their kindness. Later, it was apparent to me what deep knowledge and great love they had in making adequate provision for my physical and spiritual wants. In those days I thought myself very near heaven,—that to-day, or to-morrow, I might be in heaven; not imagining that these many years I should be a dweller on earth.

I said: "You ministers have decided that I should take this money. I, one man, can not serve two masters; now, therefore, I have a word to say; but I do not know whether it is right.

"Please speak on," rejoined Rev. Mr. Gibson.

I continued: "For a long time I have in my heart greatly desired to go and preach the gospel, but I have been timid about speaking of it plainly. I have feared that perhaps I was too young, too ignorant of the Scriptures—an unfit instrument. Are you willing to try me? If only I am worthy, when I become a preacher, then willingly, gladly, will I relinquish all business, and with my whole heart do the work of a minister. Will that answer?"

Rev. Mr. Gibson, hearing these words, drew forth a handkerchief and wiped tears from his eyes a little while; then he invited me to kneel with him in prayer. I did not yet know what he thought.

The prayer ended, he said: "Do you know why my heart was so touched that I shed tears? When I was at school in America, many years ago, I saw in a newspaper an article on the idolatry and ignorance of the Chinese. Feeling great pity for them, I resolved that when I left school I would come to China to preach. Thanks to God for sending me to China! Seeing the multitudes, I desired greatly to declare unto them the doctrines of the Savior; but, alas! it was very difficult to learn this language. Then it occurred to me that there must be native converts who desired to preach, and who could do so efficiently; so I thought of choosing some to do the Lord's work; yet I feared that they whom I chose might be of my human calling alone, not such as God himself had called to preach. Then I prayed to God: 'Let him whom thou hast called come and declare to me by his own lips, "I will relinquish all business, and, with my whole heart, do the work of a minister,"—thus shall I know that he is one whom thou hast commissioned.' This prayer I have continued to offer, for a long time without answer. To-day, I heard you yourself utter those words—you desire to relinquish all business, and, with your whole heart, do the work of a minister—this is the answer to my prayer. Therefore, I could not refrain from weeping for

gladness. I think it is God's will to make you an instrument for the native ministry." He added, "To-morrow night come to the residence of Rev. Mr. Martin, and have a talk with all the missionaries."

In the meeting I heard one very strange thing,—it was, that in the Methodist Episcopal Church the preacher's family must move from place to place. This was very novel to me. From my earliest days I had never known anything like it. (Chinese greatly esteem the place of their birth. If a man goes abroad, it is considered a matter of affliction; for a family to move is an almost unheard-of calamity. This sentiment is embodied in a familiar proverb.) I thought my youth and inexperience in worldly affairs would render my moving to distant places a very difficult matter. Rev. Mr. Gibson asked me, "How do you decide?" I replied: "I had not imagined this custom. Of course, it is difficult; but my heart is entirely willing, for the Savior's sake." Again, he asked, "Will your wife be willing to go with you?" "I do not know; I must wait till I go home and ask," I responded.

Going home, and talking over the subject of my going from one place to another, my wife said: "It matters not to what place; if you are willing to go, I will go with you."

Repeating to the missionaries this reply, they were very glad.

My appointment was to Tëng Kan—up the river, about thirteen miles from Foochow. I visited the place, and was received with the utmost cordiality by the people. Ready offers of assistance were made, and I had no difficulty in renting a house. One of the missionaries then thought he would go and see the place. The presence of the foreigner frightened the people. They refused me the house which I had engaged, and, to the present time, not one in that place has received the gospel. I think it was the Lord's will that I should not move to Tëng Kan. I continued preaching at Ching Sing Tong, associated with Kin Taik, Cheng Mi, and others. Often we preached from early morning till dark, and saw the power of God manifested in convincing many of his truth.

My family lived in a small house, to the left of Ching Sing Tong. The ground was the property of the Church, and was lent for the building of a row of three small houses.

About a month before, Rev. Mr. Gibson had brought to Ching Sing Tong a Scotch gentleman from Amoy, dressed in native costume—Rev. Wm. Burns. He was much pleased with the chapel as a place for his residence. Of course, there were better places, but none that he pre-

ferred. He thought, when he saw Ching Sing Tong, "This is the place which the Lord has prepared for me." He, therefore, moved to the chapel. On my return from Tëng Kan, he already spoke the Foochow colloquial, and explained Scripture therein.

We had all regarded him as a very ordinary man at first, till we met with him, and heard him pray and expound Scripture.

The first night, we heard him preach from the Gospel of Matthew, and all hearts were greatly moved. It was as if he opened inestimable treasures for which we hungered. All listened intently as he spoke. Indeed, to an exceeding degree, he had ability and power from the Holy Spirit in the exposition of Scripture and in prayer, raising men's hearts close to God, and showing how his Word agrees with converted hearts, even as the marks of one banknote correspond to another. Hereby I understood that the work in the heart of the converted man, and the revelation of the Holy Scriptures, were both by the same Holy Spirit. Thus things which in my own experience had been dark, now shone forth clear and bright. In the Bible, many things which had been obscure I understood better, and a pathway of light began to be opened through the Scriptures.

One thing for which I had most longed was

clear evidence that Jesus was truly the Son of God; having the office of Savior and Mediator. The words of his discourse on the Lord's great love were very sweet to hear, and caused all our souls to leap with great joy, and strengthened our faith. So, with exceeding joy and lively faith, we met together for preaching, singing, and prayer. I recollected that I had formerly prayed God to grant me a missionary to live near me. Now the petition was granted, although its answer had been a little delayed. This increased my faith in prayer, showing me that God surely does not at all forget men's prayers; perhaps early, perhaps late, he will certainly accomplish the matter. After this, we were associated together several months. Morning and evening we heard him expound Scripture, and we saw his deep faith, industry, and zeal, most reverent, most correct,—his peace, purity, love, wisdom, modesty, and moderation,—like a bright effluence as he passed. All, of course, reaped great benefit, and were incited to greater benevolence and self-sacrifice.

CHAPTER VIII.

CIRCUIT PREACHING.

SOME disciples at Ngu Kang had earnestly prayed and longed for a minister of the gospel, to give them instruction in the Scriptures, and no one had yet been sent them.

Rev. Mr. Gibson came and said to me, "At this time it seems just right that you should go there."

I was rejoiced, and I was anxious. Every place has many like the Pharisees and Sadducees. My wife and I would be in a strange place; moreover, I was not an orator.

I prayed God to go with us; to grant me wisdom to preach and to expound Scripture without error; that I might arouse men, and lead all to Jesus for salvation. While in my room, praying thus fervently and with trembling, God strengthened my purpose, comforted and helped me, and promised to grant me wisdom and ability beyond what I asked. Therefore, my heart experienced great peace.

At that time there were those in my family who would hinder me. They were unwilling that I should leave my business. (They would

not assist me by taking over my shop.) Therefore, I determined simply to abandon the shop and the things in it, and thus gain liberty to go abroad.

Then, on the 17th day of the 3d month of the 10th year of Hién-fung (April, 1860), I left my native place for Ngu Kang.

The mission engaged a small boat to carry our household utensils. Rev. Mr. Gibson lent his own sedan for my wife, and he escorted us to the boat. It was very difficult to part with mother, sisters, and all.

They all only looked into my face, and spoke not. Although Ngu Kang was only twelve miles distant, it was to my family as if I were going to a foreign country, and to me it appeared the same.

Although I sought to exercise great patience and self-restraint, and not allow the others to think upon the subject of the separation, yet I could not prevent tears from falling. I retired to reflect, and thought, "You ought to be very happy and joyful to do the Lord's work. Why is your heart so grieved?"

Thus stimulated, but with head bowed down, I departed from the doorway.

The boat took us as far as Tëng Kan. There we went ashore. It was nearly dark. People were greatly pleased to see me. Christians were

at the landing waiting to help me move my things to Ngu Kang. I went to live in the house of Li Sing Mi and Li Yen Mi, two brothers.

Rev. Mr. Gibson had given me permission to return every Friday to Foochow for study and examination. Thus I again met with Mr. Burns, studying the Bible with him, and taking lessons in singing.

Before Mr. Burns came we had but two or three hymns; he made upwards of thirty or forty. Often we sat in converse or in singing till the early cockcrowing warned us. Perhaps we would be quite in the dark, the lamps having burned out while we sang with closed eyes. Then for a few hours we separated to rest, and early Saturday morning I went to Ngu Kang, taking what hymns I had learned to teach them to others.

After a few days, I went to call on all my parishioners. In front of their houses I saw piles of refuse, and filthy ditches. Within, all was very dirty,—pigs, cattle, fowls, sheep, all together in the one house. Not a chair was there to sit upon.

All went out to work in the fields. They had no leisure to comb hair or wash faces, and even when going to bed, they seldom bathed their feet. How pitiable! God created man so

beautiful, and by the devil have they been brought to the uses of old broom-stubs. Immediately I thought, "The Lord descended from heaven, and was born in a manger; he ate with sinners, and received such men as these, upon whom he carefully wrought, as a lapidary upon precious stones, until they became as gems of crystal pureness. Ah! that love; how deep, how great! Thanks to God for choosing me, an ignorant man, to go out of my small house, and to be used in his beloved work, in the midst of his own people!"

At once I began assembling the people, each evening, for Scripture reading, singing, and prayer. None knew characters. Some held their books upside down; some mistook a whole column for one character. Therefore, I caused all to sit around a table, and I passed around, laying a finger of each one upon each character as I taught it. When they had learned some characters, I then explained their meaning; and I also taught them singing.

The Holy Spirit was signally manifest, so that the faith of some among us increased daily, and they were filled with great joy. They were eager for the evening to come, and longed for the Sabbath as for a feast time. They greatly revered the Bible.

Farmers, woodsmen, blacksmiths, herdsmen,

all carried to their work the Book of Matthew, or a hymn-book, and studied in moments of rest from labor. Often the voice of singing was heard from the hills or the roadside; whenever a company of men worked together, while hands were busy their tongues were speaking of the books. Thus I saw the happiness of all increase.

On Sabbath-days I made the circuit of Kwi Hung and Ngu Kang, and, after preaching, I appointed members, two by two, to go and preach in every village. In the evenings, when we assembled, I inquired about the opportunities in each place, and questioned those whom I had sent, on the subjects of their discourses, and their methods of conducting services. Then we prayed for all those who had been hearers of the doctrine.

As a result, the Savior's name was very quickly spread abroad through all that region, and a goodly number were added to the Church. Believers, men and women, were generally mindful of the poor and the sick among their number, visiting and ministering comfort to them, presenting them with such products as their grounds yielded. One thing troubled me. I wished for opportunity to preach to the people by day, but could not do so, because all were in the mountains or the fields at work. If I went

to their houses or to their bamboo huts on the hills, I commonly found none present save the sick, or the old and deaf. Sometimes I walked long distances and found no opportunity to speak.

The district was mountainous, the paths steep. "Alas!" I sighed, "I have a tongue, and no chance to speak; I have feet, and no road to walk."

One day I stood in front of my house, looking over the fields where many men were at work planting rice. In my heart, mourning, I said: "Much seed have I, and no place to sow." Then I prayed to God, saying: "It would be the best thing to send down a heavy rain in order to afford me opportunity to gather together these many people and preach to them."

In less than half an hour after this thought, suddenly down poured great rain. All from the fields came swiftly running for shelter to my house. I very joyfully embraced the good opportunity to preach, and all received my exhortations with gladness.

From this time forth, some were constantly coming, bringing their friends to hear me discourse. I afterward learned that in the heat of summer the farmers were accustomed to spend their noontime within a temple near, or in the forest shade. Therefore, daily I went seeking

opportunity to preach to the people; although the body was weak, the heart within experienced more peace.

After having been there some time, I met Dr. Wentworth, who asked me: "How old are you?" "Twenty," I replied. "No, you are eighty," he rejoined. So much had the wind and sun bronzed me.

There was one living in the same house with us who was the first convert of Ngu Kang, and whose nature was like a reed. He was fond of eating, disinclined to work. It was difficult to improve him. Gradually he disconnected himself from the Church, and afterward died. His family sent for a Tauist priest to come to the chapel and set out the "spirits' table," and perform the usual ceremonies.* The chapel was half rented

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*The ceremony of setting the ling-toh, or spirits' table, takes place the seventh day after the decease. The priest informs the spirit that death has occurred, and for comfort makes promises to furnish money, clothes, provisions, etc. A table is then set out, a chair and footstool for the departed. A bowl is placed on the table in which incense is burned every night, so that in case the spirit has lost its way, the odor of incense may direct it home. The spirit is invited, as part of the ceremony, to take its place at the table. In the morning, one weeping carries hot water, and invites the unseen one to bathe, and offers him rice. At night he is invited to retire to a bed. This is kept up for forty-nine days. The table usually stands a year, sometimes three years.

by us, the other half belonging to the heathen family. I used the whole for religious services, and I could not prevent their using it for their purposes.

This was the Sabbath, and the friends wished to use the place all day for the devil's business. Very early, at daybreak, came the Tauist priest, bringing many idol pictures to hang upon the walls. We had already begun prayers, and asked him to withdraw for a little time. We thought he might wait till the relatives of the deceased appeared. We prayed very earnestly that the idol pictures might be taken away, and not be allowed to desecrate the holy place again.

By and by, very naturally, the relatives quarreled among themselves. Those on one side said: "We are determined to use this money only for the benefit of the widow and children." Thereby was the devil's business frustrated, and the priest was asked to return home. He, astonished, exclaimed: "Never before have I seen people act so!" He was angry, and unwilling to go away. Then all contributed a little money for him, and very shamefacedly he just took it and went. This was altogether most clearly an answer to our prayer—petition by petition, all was accomplished. The Christians, exultant, clapped their hands with joy, and praised God for so manifesting his Divine power, com-

pelling Satan to leave us and to flee away with shame. With a louder voice they praised Jehovah.

The membership of the Church increased steadily. Although the members were mostly poor, they resolved to contribute money and labor toward building a chapel on the hillside as a permanent place for the worship of God. They agreed to solicit help from the mission to the amount of one hundred dollars.

Dr. Gibson said to them: "You must estimate very carefully. I fear you will not have enough to complete the building." One of the old members, Ung Sien Mi, in a loud voice, declared, "There is enough and to spare." He had thought fifty dollars from the mission enough; now that one hundred were promised, why should there not be a surplus?

As I was a young man, and knew nothing about building, I engaged older and more experienced members to attend to the business. Then, just to be prudent, I called together quite a number of the old members of the Church, who were skilled in carpentry, and questioned them about the business, item by item, taking estimates of materials and of labor. They gave satisfactory answers to all my inquiries. I now expected no trouble. How could I know that, the work once begun, I was to be involved

in difficulties of all kinds? The masons and carpenters disappointed me. When they had worked up about half the materials they absconded. The few old Church members were afraid, and dared not go forward. The young men must pursue their daily work for a livelihood, nor had they any controlling power. Then persecutions broke out in many places against the Christians. All the business responsibility devolved upon me. Truly I had many grievous annoyances. Since I was not experienced in the business, what could I do? The building materials were on the hill, with no one to guard them. I was anxious lest a thief or an enemy should steal them. Sleep by night was broken. If a dog barked at midnight or at cockcrowing, some one must go and reconnoiter. When rain fell, I was troubled lest the unfinished mud walls might be washed away.

However, at last the work was completed, all thanks to Rev. Mr. Gibson, who exerted himself to collect more funds from his friends in various places. On a winter's night he came by boat to help us about the building of the chapel. He walked up to Ngu Kang, arriving before daylight. Although it was very cold, he sat upon a rock outside, unwilling to knock at the door, lest he should disturb our sleep. After a while some one saw him, and knocked at the

door and informed me. I immediately went out—it was still night—brought him into the house, and kindled a fire of dry weeds for him to warm himself. Ah! his zealous heart incited him always in this manner. His example strengthened the virtues of all Church members. To this time his memory is like a flame in my heart. Truly, he was a loving pastor to me and to all. Although he has been separated from us a long time, the tears will come when I think of him! All were greatly grieved at parting with him. He stimulated the members to go forward, energetically, with the chapel building. I knew some old brethren, very destitute, having nothing for food but poor "potato-rice,* who gave their services in constructing the walls.

When the work was nearly done, and we were deficient only in money for plastering and cement, we received a visit from a brother of the American Board Mission, Sing Sin Ching, and Rev. William Burns. They assisted us with a little money. Afterward there came an English Wesleyan naval officer from a gunboat, who subscribed for the painting of the chapel. His generosity and his features I have always remembered.

* Sweet-potatoes, grated very coarsely and dried in the sun.

The members at Kwi Hung were also zealous in spirit, and without trouble built a chapel (with $100 mission money added to their own subscriptions).

At this time Li Yu Mi's faith was growing, and the purposes of his heart were firmly established. In all sorts of conditions and circumstances he was unmoved. His words were without flattery, without self-consciousness. He was faithful in doing good, and more clearly than all the others he comprehended doctrines. Constantly he labored heartily to assist the preachers. Knowing not a character when I first went to the place, he studied so diligently that he became thoroughly versed in the Scriptures. We thought him one called of God to preach, and therefore exhorted the Church members of Ngu Kang, Kwi Hung, Ching Sing Tong, and Tieng Aug Tong, to subscribe for his support as a preacher. They raised about two dollars a month for him. Li Yu Mi was rejoiced to receive it, and to give up his trade entirely, and travel with me, preaching. I also was glad. Monthly, at each place, I collected the subscription for Yu Mi, and advanced to him the money where there was a deficiency.

At times, tempted of the devil, the wives of converts raised persecutions and opposed their learning right doctrine and observing the

Sabbath. Hence there were scoldings to bear, and beatings, deprivations of food, expulsions from the house, and very many troubles. Outside enemies increased, and conspired to injure the Christians. Domestic animals were stolen. Betrothals, where one party was a Christian, were broken. The officers were not expeditious in trying cases, and many Church members were very urgent and impatient under their oppressions, and annoyed me very much. Christians were refused well-water, denied the right of way, and made to suffer many other afflictions and persecutions because they refused to subscribe money for idol processions. Daily, plans were laid for tormenting them. Notwithstanding these things, all were constrained to suffer patiently for the Lord's sake, and to overcome evil with good.

The enemies finding that no one retorted, supposed that these Christians were a contemptible sect. Their anger increased the more, and disturbances were frequent. They had great boldness, fearing nothing. I even heard that they beat drums in all the villages many times, calling upon the "five rulers"* to come and seize us; but the Ngu-ta, through the medium, responded: "Their god is very great, and has

*The five rulers are emperors; the Ngu-ta are the gods governing plagues.

power; we dare not approach them." Some called upon the demons of cattle and dogs, whose priests used incense-powder as a charm against us, casting it into our drinking-water. They expected to see us attacked with grievous maladies in consequence; but, notwithstanding, they perceived that we continued in good health, uninjured.

Afterward they themselves were seized with very serious illness. Some came and declared to me that the cattle-and-dog demons had spoken by the mouth of the sick, saying: "You sent us to beat the Christians. We did not dare to go into them; but, returning, we have come to you, and now are about to carry you off." The noise of this was spread abroad everywhere. All men were greatly astonished. Unbelievers hardened their hearts to the end, and were enemies of right doctrine. They contemned the good and feared the evil. If we were modest, they were the more bold. If we maintained silence, they vociferated curses without ceasing. The proverb says, "When you wish to drive away trouble, troubles increase." Yet we feared God, and did not return evil for evil, but with tears made supplications for them.

The climate of Ngu Kang was not good. My wife and children all had malarial fever, and I was sick nearly unto death. As if dwell-

ing on a range between heaven and earth, and in a dilemma whether to go or stay, I asked the Father, and he replied, "You have more of my work to do on earth."

When about recovered from my illness, having been just one year at Ngu Kang, on the seventeenth day, third month of the eleventh year of Hien-feng, I went with Li Cheng Mi to preach in the city of Eternal Felicity—Ing Hok. No foreigner had yet ever visited the city, nor had the gospel ever been preached there. I felt that I had not long to live, and must do all I could toward the spread of Christianity. We preached at all villages through which we passed.

The night we were at Sien Mëk K'á (Small Eye Brook) we stopped in the home of one surnamed Ung. He listened to the doctrine with understanding. The whole family believed in the Lord, and in the morning they brought out all their idols and buried them.

We pursued our journey, taking with us an old man, a disciple, to carry our books and sundries. We usually stopped early where we were to lodge, and the host went out and invited friends and neighbors to come to evening preaching. Many heard and received the word with gladness. On the twelfth day we arrived at Ing Hok City. In the first place we visited the

various inns, speaking to the landlords, winning their good-will, and distributing a few books. At every place we were welcomed and urged to tarry longer. On the second morning after arrival I preached in the municipal temple. All the city, old and young, seemed to have gathered at the temple. The throng was great. The tables set for the sale of provisions were upset. The stone lions were occupied. I stood at the top of the high stone steps, and before me was a multitude filling the court of the temple.

When I began to speak, all were silent, and continued so till I had talked my throat so parched that I could not say another word. Even when I had finished, no one stirred from the assembly. They gazed upon me as though they thought me a spirit descended from the sky.

Cheng Mi preached in another temple of the city. One class of men gave him some annoyance. At night placards were posted hostile to the new doctrine, but they were quickly torn down by those who perceived their impropriety. In the evening some of the gentry sought us, and very humbly solicited us to visit them and to remain in the city to instruct the people. After three days my eyes pained me; I could not eat; and I departed. At the inns my rest had been very

poor each night; the beds and bedding were so foul I spent the nights in a chair, my head resting upon a table, upon which I spread a cloth. The food also was so unclean that I dared not eat what was prepared at the inn, but bought a few cakes for refreshment. Living in this manner, I had become very weak.

On board the ferry-boat I fell asleep a little while. Waking, I heard the passengers discussing, with commendation, the doctrine of Jesus, saying, "Truly it is right doctrine." Thereupon, in their midst, arose one Foochow man and reproved them, and the rest dared not debate. Therefore was I constrained, though physically weak, to arise and reason with him. The passengers on board listened with great pleasure; but the one man who had argued against them looked as if he had just wakened, repentant and ashamed.

When the boat moored at Tai Chiong, the Foochow man immediately ran away. After a few years I frequently saw the same man outside a chapel, listening while I was preaching. I always wished, as soon as the service was ended, to go and invite him to come in and address us, but he invariably escaped too soon.

From Tai Chiong we went by boat, the next morning, to Nang-sen. Here I hoped to see Rev. William Burns, who had been preaching at

Nang-sen, but I learned that he had, a few days before, left for Formosa. I grieved in spirit, and mourned all the way to Ngu Kang.

I found my wife and children still suffering from malarial fever. My son, Chaik Hang, was then under two years of age, and became lame from fever.

Cheng Mi was appointed to Sien Mëk K'á. On the hillside, midway between Siong Naung and Sien Mëk K'á, was a small wayside shrine. It happened that somebody overturned the incense urn which stood before the idol within this shrine. Then a medium, possessed of the spirit of the idol, falsely declared: "I (the god) have all but been driven to Hung-tu * by these Christians. Since their God is very mighty, and continually passes this way, I have no peace. Moreover, I must provide entertainment for him; therefore my treasury funds are about gone. Now, therefore, you, my devotees, must hasten and replenish the treasury."

The whole village was enraged. It was the time of quarterly-meeting at Sien Mëk K'á, and Rev. R. S. Maclay was attending. He went early Monday morning to the boat. Later, Wong K'in Taik, Cheng Mi, and a man named Ch'ai, followed toward the boat. The road passed

* A department in Hades.

by the village of Siong Naung, about a mile from Sien Mëk K'á. There, some villagers, who were lying in wait, seized Cheng Mi. They tied his thumbs together behind his back, and with a rope made fast to his hands and his cue, hung him on a tree so that his feet just escaped the ground, and then beat him with iron rods.

Ch'ai was a man of very honorable descent, his great-grandfather having been a teacher of three emperors. He therefore had influence with officials. He at once went to Teuk-kie, three miles distant, and announced the facts to a customs officer, who dispatched soldiers to Cheng Mi's relief. Nothing more was done. Some Church members wished to have the offenders arrested, and punished as an example; but this was not done. Much discussion was excited on the subject. Some members became disaffected, and wished to withdraw from the Church.

One incident, which occurred while I was at Ngu Kang, I will relate. Rev. Mr. Gibson, with a missionary of the American Board, Rev. Mr. Doolittle, came to Ngu Kang. Early the next morning I went with them to a preaching service at Kwi Hung. After walking three or four li,* we stopped to rest under a wayside pavilion.

* One li is about one-third of a mile.

It happened that here a company of wood-cutters met us. In their midst was one man apparently about forty years of age. He had ectropium of both eyes; his face had not been washed in many days; his hair covered a circle of an inch or a little more in diameter, and his cue was about a span long; apparently the hair had not been combed in a long time, for it was matted as if by many layers of spiders' web; his limbs were ulcerated, and bound with leaves of the oil-tree; his hands were the color of charcoal; his garments were meager, ragged, foul. This man, with more boldness than the others, pushed forward to have a look at the missionaries. After long, close scrutiny, he suddenly burst forth in a loud voice with the words: "They do say that foreigners are ugly-looking. Truly it is a fact." When I heard him say this I thought it very laughable! I stepped forward in front of him, and said: "Friend, I observe that you are remarkably handsome." He, hearing this, looked a little surprised, a little pleased, as if he half-accepted the compliment. I continued: "Alas! you are lacking in one respect. Now will I instruct you a little. Return home, take a mirror and examine your reflection therein. Then quickly take a bowl of alkali, and a large quantity of water, bathe the head and face and whole body clean, comb the hair smoothly, and

you will be unequaled."* When he heard these words he was ashamed, and retired

As we walked on, I mused. Many people of this world do not recognize their own heart's impurity and wickedness, but only discuss the unrighteousness of others, echoing publicly the negatives of reputation. Is this woodcutter alone in so doing? Were men only willing to receive instruction, taking the Bible for their mirror, they would quickly recognize themselves, and verily repent of sin. To trust the precious blood of Jesus, beseech the regeneration of the Holy Spirit, be washed within and without clean and white as snow,—this is to be beautiful. Are there a few such? Like this woodman, who, although he knew enough to be ashamed and withdraw, would not go and wash, are those of the world who hear good doctrine, and who are conscious of sorrow and fear, yet unwilling to reform. What is the difference between them? There are men who have received much undoubted revelation, yet, as before, know not enough to blush. To such, this woodman is incomparable. How many such vain men are there in the world!

* The last expression is commonly used by the Chinese in a satirical sense.

CHAPTER IX.

RESULTS OF PREACHING.

I WAS reappointed to Ching Sing Tong, at Ta Ting. At that time there were excellent opportunities for preaching to those still outside the Church. The moment the preacher rose upon the platform, the audience quieted, as with reverence. During the sermon all fixed their eyes upon the minister. The Holy Spirit seemed to descend in the midst of the congregation and influence all hearts. Often, after preaching, the people remained fixed in their places, unwilling to retire. The time was like the Pentecost.

After dark, and the lamps were lighted, we preached to such as came from the vicinity, and all returned to their homes rejoicing. Several new members were added to the Church. At the time of quarterly-meeting, the Church was filled. From long distances they came at an early hour. Male and female, old and young, greatly longed for the occasion.

But, alas! among all from so many places who heard the doctrine, who were greatly inspired thereby? Was it not altogether because of the difficulty of keeping the Sabbath that

men were enabled to resolve to go forward? Alas! so much seed sown and no harvest! Why? Perhaps it was the shallow soil of stony hearts, perhaps the overgrowth of tares. Some said: "In Foochow sow the seed, in other districts reap the harvest." Does the saying appear true? I do not know.

While the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in advance of the others, still that mission, the English Church, and the American Board worked harmoniously together, mutually assisting each other in prosperity and in adversity. Every month they all met together to pray and confer about the work. All, without regard to denomination, were united in close friendship.

The Methodist Mission was foremost in entering every district, renting chapels, and opening work. The other missions followed. After a time discussions arose concerning the proper name for God. There was division between Shang-ti and Shin. * On this account Wong Kin Taik left the Methodist Episcopal Church, and joined the Church of England. Under cover of

* Shang-ti, meaning upper (or supreme) ruler, and Shin being a generic term for gods in general. Up to the time referred to the American missions in Foochow had used Shin, and the English mission Shang-ti. All the missions there now use the latter term.

the same excuse, a few others followed Kin Taik. Erelong all the three missions had growing Churches in every district.

Teng Yong is a village among the mountains. There a company of twenty or more men had suffered heavy losses in a lottery, till their only way seemed to be to commit suicide. Then they conferred with one another, saying: "Let us go and become Christians and escape death." Therefore they walked the hundred li, to Ching Sing Tong, and inquired of me, "How much money shall we receive a month for all becoming Christians?" I answered: "If a man instructs you how to save your sinful souls, and how to become good men, what tuition ought you to pay a month to the teacher?"

By this they understood that no money was to be gained by becoming Christians, and they were very sorrowful. They thought, now is there no way to walk.

Afterward I formed a plan for them, and told them what they must do to escape falling into the snares of the devil. After a few days they returned and invited me to go to their village and preach. At the place there were several hundred men who declared that they were willing to worship God if they were paid cash for it. Among them, upward of ten resolved to become students of the doctrine.

One man in the village, named Sie Seng Lüng, hid himself by the side of the house, and listened to the doctrine, and believed thoroughly. He sent one to ask me to go to his house to pray and to give instruction in right doctrine.

Afterward his whole family received baptism and joined the Church. Alas! after only a few years he passed away from this world. He left an aged mother, wife, and children. Their relatives and neighbors urged them to bury him according to idolatrous rites, but the wife was firm to the principles she had received, and was altogether unwilling to conform to their wishes. They then sent a messenger to me, asking me to perform the funeral services.

It happened that I had just gone to preach at Yek Yong, where Li Yu Mi was stationed. I had had a troubled dream at night. Li Yu Mi said to me in the morning: "You usually look happy, why do you appear sad to-day?" Telling him that a dream troubled me, he asked me to relate it. I then told him: "It seemed that I had heard that the daughter of one named Lau Kwang had died. I was traveling near the place, and was accused by passers-by of having been concerned in her death. The villagers, without cause it seemed, struck me in the face and tore my clothing. Of course I regard it as a dream, not a reality. Still, I know that the

dream is beyond my thoughts; that is, can not have been suggested by any experiences of mine, therefore it perplexes me."

That evening the messenger, Sie Sing Chioh, arrived to inform me of the death of Sie Seng Lüng, he having first been to Foochow to seek me. He told me that the body "lan kwang;" that is, "was not yet put in the coffin." Inquiring why, he replied that they waited my coming, not knowing what ceremony was necessary. The next morning I went, accompanied by Li Yu Mi.

On the road I heard speeches corresponding to what I had dreamed. By the middle of the afternoon we reached the top of the Kieng Fieng (Beholding Heaven) Range, and then descended toward Teng Yong. From all quarters great numbers came running together at sight of us. Again it was like my dream. I questioned, "Why is this so?" but thought, "There is no need to question; wholly trust in the Lord, and go forward."

Crowds rushed into the house as soon as I arrived. Among them a company came forward and asked me for money that they might provide a feast for the guests.

I answered: "How should I have brought money? This long way from Yek Yong I have come out of compassion to dear friends, and ex-

pressly to see their faces." Then I retired into an inner room to rest a little.

Soon a cry was raised from a hundred or more voices outside: "Just now the relatives are coming in great numbers. We have no money to provide entertainment suitable for guests. Had they not become Christians, of course the business would devolve upon their family. Now they are Christians, they follow your Christian customs, why does it not belong to you to provide funds for the entertainment of guests?"

Again, with loud, tumultuous voices, they called me to come forth and speak reasonably. At that moment my heart palpitated; but when once outside the door, it grew strong. I felt not the least fear, but had great peace and comfort. At once I said: "When a mourning family invites a priest of one of the three sects, Tauist, Buddhist, or Confucianist, to perform funeral rites, do you ask him to bring money for you, or do you expect to pay him? But I do not mind having traveled above one hundred li, climbing mountains and crossing ridges to come here. I wished only to comfort the family, the widow, and children. Certainly I did not come with the thought of feasting. You, friends, all know in what sorrow and poverty the family is. You should contribute something to relieve them. Why do you still talk of eating?"

At these words the crowd was enraged. They doubled fists, and approached as if they would beat me, but dared not. They only pointed insultingly at me. I knew that the Lord was indeed on my left and my right; therefore had I no fear, nor was I in the least injured.

However, one, a robust fellow, turned about and cried, "You evil one, no money!" when he seized me by the collar, and tore my clothes apart. Immediately the crowd scattered. That night Li Yu Mi, Sie Sing Chioh, and I placed the body in the coffin. It was an unpleasant duty, but all the friends had fled. The next day the relatives came back, and were astonished to find what we had done, and that we remained alive and unhurt after touching a corpse without a priest's sanction.

They then expressed willingness to have me conduct the burial service. After the funeral they spread a feast, and invited me to partake. I declined, and returned to Foochow

Subsequently, the widow was greatly harassed and persecuted by her relatives. They stole the products of her fields and her cattle. Their idea was to compel her to marry again. She was young, and by her remarriage the relatives would get a considerable sum of money.

Thanks be to God for protecting the widow! Her purpose continued firm. She maintained

the doctrine of the Lord, and triumphed over all her difficulties and distresses. She was most filial to her mother-in-law until her death; and she cared for her children until they reached adult age. She died in peace in 1884. Rev. S. L. Baldwin and Rev. C. R. Martin have both preached at that place (Teng Yong) in times past.

CHAPTER X.

PERSECUTIONS.

FROM Ching Sing Tong, at Ta Ting, I was appointed to a new chapel on East Street, in the city. The missionary in charge was Rev. Mr. Martin, who lived on Black Rock Hill. He was very zealous and a faithful, loving pastor.

A few months after my appointment the dedication of the chapel occurred. Members came from far and near. I had to provide for the hospitable entertainment of the guests. The chapel was close to the street; therefore great numbers of passers-by liked to approach and gaze within. Their voices were raised in such tumult that it was impossible to preach. Since the uproar could not be checked, it became necessary to close the chapel doors. The crowds were invited to withdraw; but they raised a louder clamor, using insulting language, and beating the doors. We therefore summoned the ward constable to restrain them.

When service was over, and the doors opened, the crowd rushed in, performing grotesquely in various ways, to insult me. I was very weary; for with all the work of the two days past, I

had eaten nothing. The mob still filled the chapel till the middle of the afternoon, refusing to leave.

There was then no help for it, I thought, but to make appeal to the officers through Rev. Mr. Martin. This I did. The officers sent eight policemen who arrested ten or more, and took them to the yamum. They were judged as they deserved; but as it was their first offense they were merely condemned to bring to the chapel some firecrackers and large candles, and to make confession of their fault. The policeman brought the candles, the prisoners having escaped from them on the way. The candles were set up to illumine the chapel. Suddenly there was a pounding at the door, and several literati entered and destroyed the candles. It was already dark. Word came to me that a mob was destroying the chapel of the English Church Mission on South Street. It was told me that thence the mob was to separate in three companies, one to go to Black Rock Hill and destroy Mr. Martin's house, one to go to the Hill of the Nim Genü and lay waste the premises of the American Board Mission, and another to come to the chapel at East Street. They did not carry out their intention at the American Board Mission, being resisted by the neighbors, who feared injury to their own property.

The house of Rev. Mr. Martin was torn down. Rev. S. L. Baldwin and wife, who had been at the church, and were stopping at Mr. Martin's, having another meeting to attend, fortunately had left before the mob came. Mr. Martin and family escaped into the adjoining temple through a passage made for them in the wall by a Tauist priest. The mob at East Street began the attack by throwing broken tiles, crockery, and stones upon the roof. Then they struck the front door with a stone pillar, borne on men's shoulders and broke the door. With an ax they split open the back door. There were in the house with me my wife, two of our children, my sister, and her three children, eight in all. The children were awakened from sleep and frightened by the noise. When the doors were broken open, the mob rushed in and began destroying furniture. They broke into our private rooms.

I then thought I must take away my family to a place of safety. I took my son John in my arms, my wife and sister each led one of the children, and I directed them all to follow me closely. In the dark court, where chairs and tables were upset and piled together in confusion, I stumbled and fell. Having the child in my arms I could not immediately recover myself. When I did, I called to the others, but

no answer was returned. I alone was left, with John in my arms. I went on, and near South Street met my brother, Hieng Mi, just coming to tell me of the destruction of Rev. Mr. Martin's house. He took the child from me, and then, for the first time, I noticed that he was unconscious, and had sustained an injury to his head. At once I went back to seek the rest of my family.

When about to enter the chapel I was rudely thrown back by the crowd, just making exit with great uproar. "My family are captive in their midst," I thought. In my distress I cried with a loud voice, and insanely tried to force through the throng. I was carried on by it, and soon from one house on the street I heard weeping, and recognized the voices of my family. I made my way thither, and, entering, found my wife, sister, and the two children, whom they had led. The other two children were lost.

I had heard in the street voices crying, "Children trodden to death, children trodden to death!" and now feared they might be ours. Essaying to comfort the women, but very sorrowful myself, I hastened again into the street, and shouted the names of the children. One man told me that he had heard of two children being in a certain place, and indicated the way. I asked him to go with me, and we found the

children. I rewarded the kind stranger with ten dollars.

My brother had carried little John to my sister's house at the foot of Black Rock Hill, and I went there to see him at a little past midnight. I found him still unconscious, in delirium crying, "Break, break!"

Early the next morning I took a sedan to escort home my family. On East Street, near the chapel, my chair was surrounded by a riotous mob, who declared I should not escape them. I did, however, and got my family safe to Ching Sing Tong. Thanks be to God who enabled me to escape as from a pack of wolves!

At that time I heard that the mob planned to attack and destroy all the chapels, and commit other acts of violence. Thanks to Rev. Mr. Gibson, who, for the Lord's sake, took much trouble in my behalf, fulfilling the words, "Mourn with those who mourn." Energetically he prosecuted righteous measures with wisdom given of God.

The English and American consuls together presented to the governor accounts of the riot, and asked that the offenders might be dealt with according to law. The governor, whose surname was Sü, was an excellent man, possessing knowledge and virtue. He acknowledged that the people were very rebellious; and ordered

the arrest of ten or more. Then the whole city was stirred. The people were in a panic. Shops were all closed. The streets were thronged with vagabonds. If a shop-door opened, stones were flung within. Great numbers, not of the rabble only, but respectable shopmen too, flocked to the prefect's, and all day beat the drum at the gate, demanding the release of the prisoners. They were consequently all released. No punishment had been inflicted upon them; but their arrest had demonstrated to the people that the officers were just, and did not wish evil to foreigners, contrary to the ignorant supposition before entertained.

From this time the people were more civil and respectful to foreigners. No such general disturbance was ever again excited in the city of Foochow, hostile to the promulgation of the gospel. Through these troublous times my soul experienced comfort and strength from the Lord.

Through the conduct of a certain class of my associates, the devil devised more trouble for me, for which my wisdom was insufficient. Therefore, after the affair was past, its recollection often brought repentance, as billows will rise on a calm sea.

Subsequently, certain ones of the gentility came privately to comfort me, and offered to

compensate me for losses sustained by the mob. I resolutely declined their offers of money. These people were already acquainted with my family and its history, and knew what kind of doctrine we taught. How had it come to pass that they were thus informed?

Strange! Supreme Omniscience had beforehand prepared for me many witnessses against this time, of which I then became aware. One of our former Church members, surnamed Chai, was a descendant of a Kwok sü.* He had frequently brought his literary friends to the chapel to converse with me. They had thus clearly learned how correct our service in the worship of God. They, too, had often felt themselves strongly influenced to forsake their own gods and to become Christians.

The member Chai had been expelled from the Church for keeping more than one wife. Sorrowfully we exhorted him, but the matter involved too great difficulty for him, and he asked that his name be removed from the Church record. He had learned that the Church was pure, and such testimony he bore of it to his literary friends, who, during the time of uproar, went to him to make inquiries about the

* Kwok sü, Imperial scholar, is one who stands first in the final and highest examinations at Peking. Very great honor attaches to the individual so fortunate.

Christians. His testimony was firmly credited, which to themselves brought self-reproach.

Further, during the many years at Ching Sing Tong, I had known many people, and been known of more, who became witnesses for me. Months afterward, as I sat quiet at home, neighbors led men into my presence to confess their wrong. Wonderful, beyond man's thought, the Lord's wisdom and power!

After the riot the officials appropriated twelve hundred dollars for remuneration. This money Rev. Mr. Martin gave into my charge to distribute according to each man's report of his losses. By this means my knowledge of the affair increased very much. The silver was as a microscope upon the circumstances of the case, and the dispositions of men. Ah! I was sad. My heart earnestly wished to sink the money into deep waters or give it wings to fly away.

My own share I requested the mission to retain, but Mr. Martin said: "This is your own; we will not take it." I was willing to lose everything, glad to suffer ill for Jesus' sake, let but the peace of Christ remain with me. I did not wish money to screen me from fellowship in Christ's sufferings, to confuse my love for Christ. My experiences at this time led me to analyze character, and I found the principles of men to be as salt that had lost its savor.

I knew that wealth devoured peace of mind like a serpent. Therefore I besought the Lord: "What thou grantest let it not be wealth!" The mission planned to build a new chapel. The neighbors gave no trouble about the building, although the new structure was far better and higher than the old.

Mr. Martin, during the hot weather, came into the city to superintend the work. He took sick, and within twenty-four hours he and his son died. Although the Heavenly Father gave him everlasting rest, that could not prevent us from mourning unspeakably.

Suddenly I was taken ill, and was about to die. Thanks to Dr. Maclay for calling Dr. Stuart to see me. Rev. S. L. Baldwin and the Misses Woolston took much care of me. I was debtor for much love expended.

My health restored, I went to Ning Taik, Lo-ngwong, and Ling Kong preaching. At Lo-ngwong, God gave me the respect of the villagers.

One neighbor woman was said to be possessed of the fox demon for a long time. She wished to be free but dared not release herself. She came and invited my wife to go and pray for her, that she might cast away her idols. My wife went, and the woman experienced peace. The daughter of one of the neighbors was taken

suddenly ill. She said: "The demon tells me, 'I have been cast out by the Christians, and have no place to dwell. I happen to meet you; therefore I now come to you.' "*

Previous to this time, when I was at Kang Chiá with Cheng Mi, I met a woman upwards of ten years possessed of a demon, also said to be the fox demon. Her husband told me that she was commonly very well; but when the demon came, she was seized with great fear and became insensible. Sometimes she would lie ten days or more without eating. She seemed to have no intelligence concerning what was spoken to her. When words were uttered by her, they were words of the demon's, not her own; they were of secret, abstruse meaning, or prophetic. When she ate, she ate voraciously. Occasionally she committed self-injuries and mutilations. One day her husband invited a few of us to go to his house to pray. We first talked to him of the doctrine of faith, and told him that if he had faith, it would be enough for us to pray where we were. The demon would

*The apparent possession by evil spirits, called by the people the "fox demon," in effect like the possessions spoken of in the Bible, was so marked in portions of the Chinese work that many felt that they could only be explained as in the Scripture. In many cases earnest prayer resulted in prompt and permanent relief.

at once flee from his house. He replied, "I believe." We prayed for him. When he returned home he found his wife already risen from her bed, well.

At Tiong Loh I heard that Dr. Gibson and family were about to return to the United States. Our whole household returned to Foochow to bid him farewell. How could I know that from that time to the present I should not again see his face? Truly this caused our hearts perpetually to mourn.

On the same Sabbath there was quarterly-meeting at the A-to chapel. My heart was sorrowful. The love and glory of Christ did not spontaneously shine therein. I felt covered with uncleanness. I was glad to listen to the sermon; but when the communion service began, I felt that I ought to run away, that I dared not partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Yet if I went away I knew not what men would conjecture, and if I might not dishonor Christ. I was greatly troubled. It seemed equally difficult to go forward or to retire. What should I do?

Then Dr. Maclay began reading the service. My heart palpitated, and only by holding myself by force I sat still. Suddenly I heard read the words, "If any man sin, he has an advocate with the Father"—words most exceeding sweet.

In my soul the language was as if addressed to me, a sinner, alone: "See the print of the nails; see the pierced side, the flowing blood. This for thee. Go forward! Why are you sad? Go forward! Come to the Father! I will be your Mediator."

The name Jesus was melody. My soul leaped to enter his precious side and be cleansed. "There is a fountain filled with blood." Within the precious side I experienced peace and joy. This joy and peace seemed all to belong to myself alone. I felt the print of the nails, the fountain in the side; and how inestimably precious it was I could perceive. I also knew that nothing under heaven could remedy my heart's illness and sorrow, only Jesus, from whose precious side flowed water and blood. He had healed me perfectly, and comforted me.

That day my soul first perceived the deep meaning in the sacrament. Naturally in my heart arose deeper friendship with the Lord Jesus. Blessedness! Where was its fountain-head? I had found it. It was in my Lord's precious side. Great efficacy there! My one Savior! Through hearing of the ears my soul had seen, had come close to Jesus, was conscious of being washed clean, and had received great peace. True is this word: "All sinners under heaven, you need have no sorrow. Only

come and trust Jesus, you all will be perfectly well."

When I went again to Tiong Loh, I learned that the three missions had distributed among them the mission stations. The English Church Mission had taken Lieng Kong and Lo-ngwong; the Methodist Episcopal Mission had Ming Chiang and Hok Chiang; the American Board Mission had Tiong Loh and Ing Hok. In Foo-chow, Ku-cheng, and Ping Nang, the work was to be general.

Up to this time the Methodist Episcopal Mission had been first in every district that the missionaries visited.

I returned home, and located again at Ching Sing Tong. There the opportunity to preach was good, but results were small. The converts were mainly the very poor or the solitary. For the Lord's sake we cared for these.

In the sixth month (July, 1864) my eldest daughter Hiong Kwang—about three years old—took suddenly ill, and and died within twenty-four hours. This was a great sorrow. I could not understand why it should be. On the eighth day of the twelfth month, in the fourth year of Tung Te (January, 1865), another daughter, King Eng, was born. We received comfort. People said, "This one will stay with you long." The sound of the name is the same as that of

words meaning long-continuing. The signification of the name is Precious Peace.

When King Eng was about two years old she was very ill a long time. One day I asked Rev. S. L. Baldwin to invite Dr. Stewart to call and see her. Dr. Stewart promised on the next day, at twelve noon, to be at his hospital to see patients. Therefore my wife and I, with our two children, went in chairs to see him. Arrived at the hospital, we were told that Dr. Stewart had gone to Pagoda Anchorage, twelve miles distant. We waited until nearly dark, but he did not return. I perceived that the child was unconscious, not recognizing anybody all day. All said that she was dying. My whole heart was very sorrowful. No help!

Quickly we hastened to Ching Sing Tong, lest she should die on the street. I first ran up-stairs and agonized in prayer. I received answer from the Heavenly Father. "Go down and see, the child lives!" I hastily lighted a candle, and ran down stairs. The mother was holding the child close in her arms and weeping. She said to me, "She is dead."

I looked at the child's face and called "King Eng." She opened her eyes and said, "E-wá" (mamma). We quickly gave her drink and observed a little perspiration.

From that moment she seemed well. She

smiled, and spoke, and was well. This manifested the hand of God alone. Not by medicine was she cured. Praise to the Heavenly Father without end!

My younger brother, Hieng Mi, having attended examination on Sunday, his license to preach was withdrawn from him by the Quarterly Conference. He had formerly been very happy. Seeing him daily spending his time vainly, I feared that he would fall into temptation. I assisted him, and advised him to open a rice-shop, and commissioned him to have care of our mother, younger brother, and sister.

My brother Sing Mi was then in the United States. I was liable to be removed to a distant station, when it would be a comfort to know that those at home were provided for. I could not know that my brother would cultivate a taste for gambling. One day his gun exploded and destroyed two fingers. He was dangerously ill, near to death. Many thanks were due to Dr. S. L. Baldwin, who took great care of him, and invited Dr. Stewart to attend him. This accident cost me considerable money. The rice-shop failed to repay the capital expended. My brother asked me again to aid him. He wished to join a circle of twenty, each of whom was to contribute a sum for the use of one temporarily—all to have the benefit of it, each in

turn. We formed the circle of twenty, several preachers joining it.

After about a year I was appointed to Ming Chiang. With the money that had been given me after the riot, I had bought a house, and this I had long desired to sell that I might bestow the proceeds in charity. The Church was not willing to receive the property. No opportunity had offered for sale.

As I was leaving for Ming Chiang I placed the matter in the hands of my brother. But the Lord was unwilling to receive the money. After a few years I understood why the Lord's treasury could not receive it, nor the treasury of his Church. Therefore the money went to my relatives. They understood it was for the poor. They reckoned themselves poor, and appropriated it. They afterward were very poor for many years, and had great deprivations. Many demands were laid upon me—more, sometimes, than I felt I could endure. Even dear friends became enemies. I felt that it was better to die than to live. But Jehovah remained, my Heavenly Father, God, and Savior; him alone had I to love, to trust. I took the parables to heart. They comforted me as a sympathetic friend.

Although all my goods had been dispersed afterward, in an unexpected moment, from God's hand, I received a gift of money. Great peace;

unceasing thanks! All things in turn come, and all are naturally profitable to me.

One year, Bishop Thomson, at Ching Sing Tong, at the end of a discourse said: "Use that which will help you to walk heaven's way the fastest; that is, tears and kneelings." These words affected me greatly, and remained a constant reminder.

When the Conference appointed me to Ming Chiang and Lïk Tu, my heart had additional grief. I feared that the missionaries had rejected me. I had learned that on this district were many literary men, hard-hearted, who constantly insulted the preachers and annoyed the Churches, stealing books and burning them. Therefore no preacher wished to go there. Now, I thought, I am sent here because the missionaries feel it inconvenient to expel me and wish me to resign. These doubts arose on account of my sorrowful frame of mind, fighting with sin. However, I thought, all things are in God's hand to rule and determine. Dare to doubt? No. I must put away every imagination of my own. Preachers, whether in sorrow or joy, must finish their course. Therefore I, in depressing circumstances, must trust the Lord the more, and hope for the manifestation of his power.

I went to Lïk Tu and rented a house. Hav-

ing arranged to have it immediately repaired, I returned to Foochow. It was about the beginning of the eleventh month. My wife's state of health compelled me to delay moving. Another preacher was appointed to Ching Sing Tong, which would compel us to move at once. It was impossible, so I remained. On the twenty-second day of the eleventh month, in the sixth year of Tung Te (December, 1866), a daughter was born to us—Ngük Eng.

CHAPTER XI.

AT MING CHIANG.

ON the 23d day of the twelfth month (January, 1866), I took boat and moved my family to Ming Chiang.* On the evening of the 26th we arrived at Lĭk Tu. On the 27th, about dark, our furniture came. Thereby the 1st of the first month was entirely forgotten.† Although no friends were with us keeping the New Year festival, God was with us, helping us to begin his work. Every day and night crowds of men and women, old and young, came to inspect the house, to see a Foochow man, to hear the speech of a Foochow man, and to ask questions about the new doctrine. Thus I obtained favorable opportunity to preach to them the gospel. My wife talked to the women. We took one young member, Wong Kin Mi, to assist us. We discovered that he had a zealous heart, and wisdom, too. He studied diligently, and aided in

* The circuit embraced Ming Chiang, Kucheng, Hung-mwi, Iu-ka, Tai-cheng, Ing Ang, Sa Kaing, Song Chiong, Yong Ping, Chiong Hu Pwang, and Hulu Sang.

† No one moves in China in the twelfth month, if it can be avoided. If one does, he is supposed to be running away from creditors.

the pastoral work, and entertained visitors very acceptably. Consequently the doctrine spread everywhere. From near and far came many to the chapel, who also invited me to go to their villages and preach. Every day people were coming and going constantly. At night all had leisure, and were glad to listen to preaching. Some there were who, learning that they would not be paid money for becoming Christians, became angry and gave us trouble secretly. Some wished to come and learn the doctrine, but were afraid.

Two men of the vicinity, surnamed respectively Wong and Lan, had, in a former year, had disagreements, quarreling and fighting, which resulted finally in total separation. They would have nothing in common. The families would not intermarry. The chapel which we had rented was in the Lan neighborhood, therefore the Wongs disliked to come to it. I held private conversations with the two parties separately, endeavoring to annul their suspicions and prejudices, and through the aid of the Holy Spirit they were gradually reconciled.

Soon the former friendly relations were restored, and intermarriage took place as before. Thanks to God for help! His power was manifested, inasmuch as harmony was so soon restored.

That class of persons who had supposed they would be paid money for becoming Christians proved very troublesome. At night they came about the premises to throw stones, slam doors, steal, and frighten the children. By day they came about to frighten the children or teach them bad language. Their slanders and insults were innumerable. When I sought to join issue with them, it but increased disturbance, and my patience made them bold. These bad men sought to bring ignominy upon me by scattering stained printed paper about my place, and reporting everywhere that I had no respect for printed paper and treated it as refuse.*

They gave information of it to the Society for the Preservation of Lettered Paper (Che Chai Hwoi). This made literary men very angry. They led to my place a company of very proud men, who intended to drive me from the village. As they approached, I observed that their heads looked up to the heavens, and they swayed themselves from side to side as they walked. I courtesied to them, but they took no notice of me. I invited them to be seated, and they threw themselves into chairs, staring and gesticulating in a very disrespectful manner.

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*All printed paper is held in great esteem in China; must not be used for wrapping-paper, or trampled under foot; this because of their regard for books and learning.

Seeing them thus conduct themselves without regard to ceremony, I was the more careful to observe the rules of etiquette. With a countenance expressive of humility, my dress arranged decorously, I sat upon the edge of a chair and conversed with them.

I ordered tea, and when it was brought I rose and offered it with both hands in the politest manner. They then rose as if spontaneously and made obeisance. Then was opened an opportunity to preach doctrine to them. They listened with pleasure, and on leaving they politely and humbly expressed thanks. By my conduct they understood that I, too, was a literary man, and would not, therefore, commit the offenses which had been charged; but that I had been slandered by enemies. From this time forth I was on friendly terms with a large number of literary men, deriving much pleasure from their association. Thanks to the Heavenly Father for bringing joy out of sorrow, for causing this class of men to be respectful! Thus was destroyed the head of the serpent, and much trouble was avoided.

In all things it is best to follow God's guidance. It is not profitable to heed what one's self sees, hears, or imagines. I now repented of my suspicions concerning my appointment, as a sin.

There were twenty-four villages in the Ming Chiang District. I went from one to another, by invitation, to preach. The people were mostly glad to hear preaching, and would say, "This is truly in accordance with correct doctrine." Sometimes I fixed a day to go to a certain village. Arrived, I would find an audience waiting. I went regularly to the third, fifth, eleventh, and twelfth villages, and had from a few tens to two hundred in attendance. Quiet was observed during preaching, and all knelt for prayer. I was welcomed in the homes, and had good opportunity to teach. A few tens were added to the Church. A greater intelligence prevailed concerning the doctrines of the gospel. Its reputation became clear. Alas! at this time the eyes of the missionaries were fixed upon the South. It was difficult to get appropriations for the Ming Chiang District. I besought the Mission, yearly, for help, Dr. S. L. Baldwin assisting me; but little could be obtained. My boy, Chaih Hang, between eight and nine years of age, was strangely moved by the Spirit of the Lord to go to private houses and preach. Sometimes he went by invitation. I think that if more preachers had been appointed at this time to the various villages the harvest would have been more abundant. Only one man filling so large a circuit—preaching as he

traveled—the seed was as sown by the wayside to be picked up by the birds. In different villages inquiries were often made about Rev. N. Sites; for he was very well known among them, having often eaten with them, or spent a night.

Wong Kïu Mi's mother had died. His heart was very sorrowful, and he wished to go with me to Siong Hu, on my circuit. It rained constantly while we traveled. The hills and ridges were slippery and difficult to cross. We held each other up, and sometimes all slipped together. The inns were unbearable. Through many distresses we arrived at Yu Ka. Here we stopped two weeks.

The third day after leaving Yu Ka, when we were six or seven miles from Sa Kaing, a thunderstorm burst upon us, with heavy rain. We were completety drenched. With the burden-bearers we were a party of five. It was dark when we arrived at Teng Tau, six miles from Sa Kaing. There it happened to be fair weather; but there was no sleeping room at the inns. I looked upon the deep freshet in the hills, and the roads overflowed, and reflected that it was dark. I learned that on the hillside, only a mile or two distant, was a tea-shed, and we hastened to hire rooms there. How could we know of the multitude already there? Having arrived, we heard a great noise inside, and saw that the

place was crowded; not even standing room was afforded, and I ventured not to set foot within. The ground, wet with the heavy rain and trodden by so many feet, was like mire. Our feet once set in it, could with difficulty be withdrawn.

There seemed no help, we must push our way into a small room. We sat upon the edge of a bed. We were very hungry and thirsty. Seeing a child carrying a pail of congee,* I went forward and asked for a drink. He refused violently. I said, "Little brother, let me have one sup." The men all laughed at me as though I were disgraced. I considered, "The child does not know that I am a disciple of Christ."

Not long after, the master of the place came and said: "You must quickly go away; there is no place even for those who belong here. How can I receive a guest?" I replied: "It is dark. Where can I go? There is no place to go. Only lend us a bench, and let us sit till daylight." He answered, "There is no bench." I said, "Where is your sleeping-place?" He replied, "Where you are sitting." I responded, "Let us have the edge of a bed where we can sit till daylight." He withdrew without reply.

* Rice-water.

Another man from A-Hu soon came up, saying, "I know you are a literary man." He pointed out to me where he was to sleep. It was on some boards, thrown from beam to beam, under the rafters, among the dirt and bird-nests. This he yielded to me. I, seeing four or five boards, thought now we have a place for ourselves, and, greatly rejoicing, returned him thanks.

The men lying down sighed and groaned, without ceasing, calling, "No-na, No-na?"* Fatigued and hungry, they were truly miserable. Kïu Mi said, "Hereafter, should one offer me $3,000 to come this way, I surely will not come."

Suddenly, below, we heard the voice of singing. I went down and saw upwards of twenty workmen, who had spread bamboo mats on the miry earth, upon which to sleep. There they were, clapping hands and singing. I then urged my comrades to come down and see these men. On coming, they asked, "What is there beautiful to see here?" I replied: "They, devoted to money-making, repose here peacefully, and are happy, singing songs. We, engaged in the Lord's work, are temporarily lodged under the tiles, a heaven compared to their place.

* "Mother, mother!" A call to the "Mother Goddess" for help.

Why should not we more joyfully sing hymns of praise and thanks to God for his illimitable favors?"

At another time we departed from Ming Chiang for Chiong Hu Pwang. A journey of fifty miles over a hilly road brought us to Wang Kan, where we stopped a night, expecting the next morning to take one of the wood-boats which left very early for Chiong Hu Pwang. To take this boat it was necessary to cross the river by ferry. In the morning we found the ferryman still asleep, and before we could awaken him our boat was gone. The road along the riverside was stony and clayey, and was rendered more difficult for travel by the recent rain. A tow-path was the only road. We walked to Sang Tu Kan, about twenty miles, and there crossed by ferry six miles from Chiong Hu Pwang. By this time the sun had set, therefore we walked hastily lest darkness should overtake us. When still half that distance from the city, I felt my strength exhausted. My feet literally could not be moved forward. I seemed to be dying. It happened that a rock like a pillow lay by the roadside. I lay down and put my head on the stone to sleep. I asked the Heavenly Father: "Is it now that I shall ascend to thee?"

I received no communication; but the burden-

bearer, a young man, Wong Main Tang, now a Church member, said: "You are hungry; there is no village here, no place to buy." He was a stranger, not acquainted with the way, and was unwilling to leave me, seeing me in what appeared a dangerous condition, fearing I would die. It was the eleventh month and cold. He was greatly troubled, and after a little he said, "Just back of us comes a man running; he may be a cake-peddler." After a little, again he said, "No, he is empty-handed." This man ran into our presence. When he stopped and looked at me, he recognized me, and frightened, cried out: "Ai Ah, is this indeed you, teacher? Why, when the sky is so dark, are you lying here?"

I recognized the voice as that of a former chair-coolie of mine. He was an Ing Chung man, named Lik Lik. I said to him, "The trouble is, my strength is exhausted for lack of food." He immediately leaped up, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Your God is of great might!" He then said to me: "This morning I carried a chair to a village ten miles distant, to Tieng Kan's house, where I had dinner. I felt my eyelids trouble me; on that account I was not at peace, but greatly troubled."*

*According to a native superstition, spasmodic twitching of the upper eyelids is significant of pecuniary loss.

My friend continued: "I determined to return quickly to our stand, at the Chiong Hu Pwang temple, and see how things were. My companion remonstrated with me, saying: 'You and I have all our possessions with us; to-night we shall have good rice and a good bed at the host's house. Why, about dark, do you wish to return to the temple fasting?' I answered: 'I have thought about it all, and know not why; my heart compels me to go a little while.' I ran the whole of the way; and the farther I ran the more I wondered, constantly asking myself why I was thus running. Having arrived, and seeing you, teacher, lying on the ground, I knew that it was truly on account of you that I came."

Having finished, he again exclaimed, loudly, "Truly, your God is mighty!"

I told him to go quickly and call chair-coolies to come. He answered: "In the temple, to-day, there was not one man. I will now go and see; if there are none, I will buy cakes and return."

He returned with the cakes, after eating which I was refreshed; and taking a stem of sugar-cane for a torch, the chair-coolie half leading, half carrying me, we arrived, after ten o'clock, at the chapel in Chiong Hu Pwang.

The friends had been anxious and troubled, fully expecting my arrival, for I had written them that I would be in Chiong Hu Pwang on

such a day. They were greatly rejoiced at seeing me, and on my behalf returned thanks to God, who had this night drawn me out of danger. I thought: "I must on that stone pillow cut characters saying, 'This is Bethel,' because in the midst of wilderness, forest, darkness, cold, hunger, prospect of death, with hope lost, God my Savior supernaturally manifested himself. With foreknowledge of my danger he had saved me. Remember, remember, give thanks, give thanks without ceasing!"

I offered the chair-coolie a little money, but he was unwilling to accept it. I had been troubled on account of not having given him a present or returned thanks, but it had been inconvenient to get to him. After one year, Lik Lik sent a message, saying he had obtained a good situation and had received several hundred dollars. For this I again returned thanks to God, who had paid him wages in abundance. This awakened in me a sense of the ever-increasing series of secret favors which God was bestowing upon me, demanding gratitude beyond the measure of my understanding or imagination. In this were the words of Scripture fulfilled: "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

CHAPTER XII.

STRUGGLES.

TAKING a retrospect of the past several years, each one had brought many wonderful experiences; each contest was something new, presenting some new aspect of the fight. Although my spirit was kept in peace, and in my various pastoral duties the gladness and power of the Holy Spirit were mine, yet I felt not the fullness of joy of my first Christian experience. On this account I sorrowed and was troubled, longing for my Savior as an infant for its mother, or as a bride for her beloved but absent husband. Though I sought happiness in other things, separated from my Savior I found no comfort.

I longed for an instrument upon which to praise the Lord. Through organ music it seemed my soul could hold communion with the Savior and express my sense of his compassion. Had the instrument been at hand I could not have played it; but such was the hunger and thirst of my soul.

One day I was alone in my study. It was the middle of the afternoon. Suddenly I saw in

the room a light, like a flash from a heavy cloud, or heat lightning. It was very beautiful. My heart experienced a spring of joy; I was filled with pleasant thoughts; my spirit seemed led by the light into unknown regions. Soon I began to perceive myself in the midst of dangers, and fear arose. It was as though I was seized by Satan, and was powerless to escape. In my heart arose many terrible imaginations. My conscience cried out, "Weep for this terrible distress." The struggle was as between life and death. All the blessings in God, the full riches in Christ Jesus, Satan was taking away.

I now discerned that within this phenomenon of light was a limitless mechanism of torture. My soul was caught by it, like a bird in a net. It sees outside the happy heaven and all the pleasant prospect, and strikes its head against the net till the feathers and down are worn off, and blood flows, but it can not escape.

My agony was like that of a fish alive upon the spit, or as if the poisonous fangs of a great serpent, just aroused, were thrust into my flesh. My pain and sorrow increased.

My ears were also in some way stopped by Satan. I wished to go and hear the gospel, but it was as though I could hear nothing. Moreover, besides Satan, a multitude of noisy

devils roused up to annoy me. It was all in vain to contend against their insults. With words of ridicule they addressed me: "Great is your courage, repel us! You have courage in every place to slander and blaspheme us, because we have not contended against you. You have sought to thwart us. Now we only stretch out one finger, and you find it intolerable. If we exert our strength, what will you do?"

I, hearing these words, trembled; my heart palpitated to faintness, consciousness fled; I was as if about to die. I now discovered that I had an exceeding fear of devils. I had always boldly fought against them, regarding them but as idols, powerless. However, now was I by Satan badly beaten; my whole body was bruised; not one spot the size of a needle's point unharmed.

I hated myself, that in the careless turn of one thought I had brought myself to this extreme. Repentance was too late.

My sin was like a high mountain or surging billows. God's voice of compassion had changed to one of severity. I dared not approach him; I longed to flee away and hide, but knew there was no place to hide.

I turned to the Bible, hoping to find, in the chapters and texts formerly giving comfort, consolation for this time, but all was changed.

They had become condemnatory, increasing my distress. Therefore, while I wished to read the Scriptures, I dared not. I was obliged quickly to close the Bible.

These conflicts lasted for several months. I thought that, had I never heard nor understood the doctrine, I would now have had peace of heart; but now I knew that heaven and earth might pass away, but one jot or one tittle of the Scriptures would not pass away.

Now I could realize what was the judgment of wicked men. My sorrow and fear were like what the Scriptures say the word of God is, "a two-edged sword, piercing even to the joints and marrow." For my soul, the last day had already come. Great sadness, great sadness!

I reflected upon the incomparably glorious majesty of God; his ineffable purity, exceeding great compassion. Could I willfully rebel against him? If I could, what other wickedness might I not do?

It seemed as if I passed through all the experiences of Adam, Saul, David, Samson, Job, and all the ancients. Occasionally I perceived the meaning of these experiences. It would be a task too difficult to detail all.

But I again crucified the Son of God upon the cross, rejected the Holy Spirit, causing him to grieve; sinned against the light; broke the

commandments; and my whole soul recognized the greatness of its sin, for which, neither in this world nor in the future, was there forgiveness. Hope lost, grief was terrible.

Suddenly, within a few days, my hair and beard turned gray, my eyes became dim, my heart was withered, my body weakened; daily, nightly, I sighed and wept without ceasing. Rest came not. One day was like a year.

As a branch separated from the vine is dead, so I, separated from Christ, was without life. I clearly understood what the Bible says—"This is eternal life, to know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." Aside from this, what of life is there in the soul?

My heart ardently desired my God and Savior to come again to resuscitate me, "as a hart panteth after the water brooks."

One day I saw a sentence in the Church Discipline to the effect that men who after conversion fall into sin, if they have not sinned against the Holy Spirit, may receive forgiveness. My heart was encouraged. I realized that my repentance was evidence that the Holy Spirit was knocking at the door of my heart to offer grace and assistance. I began to take comfort. I had found the path of approach to God; I pressed forward and wrestled in prayer. As unto Moses in the cleft of the rock, Jehovah

revealed himself, "the Lord God merciful and gracious, long suffering and abundant in goodness and truth; keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

Several times I perceived God's glory was near me, but veiled. Ofttimes I could almost see the glory, but a thin veil obstructed. To have revealed unto me the glory of God, was my one desire. For this alone I cried and prayed. The Lord made no sign. Devils, continually mocking me, said: "Your sin is very great. God has cast you away. You still unceasingly pray; to what end?"

My soul cried: "Lord, thou must keep, even though I but cry and weep, without avail to turn thy heavenly purpose."

I again said to the Father: "I do not wish to be beaten by Satan, but am willing for the Lord to chastise me. Father, behold, my whole bruised body I give to thee for chastisement. Savior, pity!"

Then, again, all grew darker and darker spiritually. The way was lost; I knew not whither I wandered. In the darkness my soul entered a narrow cave, very blackly dark and cold. Walking a little way, suddenly airs arose from below like poisonous vapors; then I knew that the road led into a deep pit. Many voices of dragons, serpents, demons, sounds lamentable to

hear, confused my spirit and annoyed my ears. I feared greatly and trembled; I dared not advance. Then appeared two men, one on either side, who, taking me by the hands, led me with careful steps through the narrow way, and with many terrible fears the place was passed through. This was like a dream, but I was not asleep. It was an experience of my soul.

One day I walked the street, secretly praying, "Heavenly Father, thou truly art compassionate: why treatest thou me so severely? The Lord does not cast men off forever. If thou, Lord, do not show clemency, who can escape perdition?" I pleaded all day long, "Why dost thou not show mercy? In the grave who will remember thee? In hell who will praise thee? Thou, Lord, formerly didst save me; I pray thee, cast me not off at present. Give me a pure heart; give me a firm, determined will; do not drive me from thy presence."

Suddenly there was a voiceless voice from above, "Come unto me." I cried with a loud voice, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth." Although I had heard and read this text many times, it came to me now with a new meaning. I came from darkness into light.

From this time I realized that God had greatly loved me, beyond what I had formerly con-

ceived—exceedingly, perfectly loved me. The very best way had he treated me. As an artificer in precious stones grinds and polishes, when the jewel is bright, making it still brighter, not willing to cease his work until it is a perfect gem, thus I was only as a piece of clod; but the exalted, holy Lord was willing to bestow so great care upon me. In tenderness had he planned my scourging, that I might come forth purified, polished as a precious stone.

This love, how great, how high, how deep, how wide! Who can measure or estimate it? I returned thanks to the Lord without ceasing.

One day I thought I would like to see a book entitled, "Ken Ling Sieng Lo"—The Way of Salvation. I quickly went and procured the book. Within I found my own way, my own experiences, described in each word, in each sentence. What I read increased my faith greatly. It discoursed of salvation through reliance alone on the Savior's grace. The roots of self-trust were broken, and I obtained fullness of grace. This was all by the Lord's love, beyond what man can think or ask.

I thought to myself, "I have now attained the foundation upon which I can build a firm dwelling."

Afterward, finding myself again sinning, I perceived the roots of evil thoughts in my heart

were not extirpated completely; the contest with Satan was not ended; my soul still kept guard. The soul's sickness was gone, but another thing troubled me. Formerly I had often heard a clear voice in answer to my prayers; but latterly I had not, though I continually besought God to grant it.

I considered the reason to be that I had not attained unto perfection; therefore sometimes I grieved in spirit.

CHAPTER XIII.

APPOINTED PRESIDING ELDER.

IN the ninth month of the thirteenth year of Tung Te (October, 1873), I was appointed to Tieng Ang Tong, Foochow, and made presiding elder of the district including Ming Chiang and Ku-cheng.

The missionary in charge was the Rev. S. L. Baldwin. Soon after, in the third month of the first year of Kwang Sü, the theological seminary, was finished, and I moved my family into it. On the twenty-sixth day of the twelfth month following (January, 1874), I stood in the fourth story veranda window of the theological seminary, and looked below upon the dense multitudes crossing the bridges. The throng was so great that men pressed shoulder to shoulder; yet they were coming and going as if in urgent haste. I queried, What does it mean? Then I remembered that the evening of the year was at hand when accounts of debtors and creditors must all be settled. The creditor will not let his debtor go until full payment is made.

I thought, How much these people owe God! Alas! they never reckon up that debt, or make

return. When the judgment-day comes, what will they do?

I felt as if I must have wings and fly to tell men plainly of these things. Then within myself I questioned, "Have you made full return unto God?" I had not fullness of joy and peace. "This is because I am not entirely consecrated to Christ," was my reflection. Suddenly I was in bitter grief. I hastily went in and sat down a little while. In the stillness I asked myself, "Now what will you do?" The heart answered, "When the bridegroom goes away, they shall fast." For the first time I understood the meaning of this passage, which accorded with my need. I began to fast and pray, from that time fasting naturally, having no wish for food, dreading to be spoken to about eating, and thinking not of hunger.

One day, when I was in my room praying, there came the revelation that on the morrow I should have hindrance to prayer.

The next day, at ten o'clock, an old friend came. Formerly he had been a student in the theological seminary. He had preached several years. All respected him. Alas! afterward the love of fame and wealth had gradually led him away.

Seeing him come, I sought an opportunity to exhort him to repentance. He listened and

shed tears. I thought, Now there is hope for him. He remained more than four hours, took dinner, and seemed unwilling to depart. I remembered the revelation of the night before, "To-morrow there will be hindrance." "Has the devil caused him to show false repentance, to hinder me from prayer?" thought I. I had talked to him, he had shown signs of penitence, the prayers had been said, and still he staid as if to engage my time. Perhaps the devil had sent him thus to detain me by a show of penitence. Finally I said to him: "Just now I have important business. I invite you to remain seated a little while. I wish to retire within to pray." He immediately left me and went away.

That night, while still in the midst of praying, suddenly I heard the cocks crow twice. I opened my eyes to see, and behold! the lamp had gone out. I was very cold. I perceived that the Lord was before me. I stretched out both hands to grasp his feet, and said: "Lord, the light has gone out; the cocks have crowed; and I am very cold. It is almost morning; but my desire, Lord, is for thy blessing. Except thou bless me, I truly will not let thee go." Then my heart suddenly received the words: "Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ;" "Who shall bring anything to the charge of God's elect?"

"The Lord will have mercy upon his afflicted;" "Will he not freely give you all things?"

These words of revelation remained in my mind. They were to me like the priest's Urim and Thummim. All anxiety, trouble, and fear departed and fled far away. The eyes of my soul saw the myriads of Satan's host defeated and fast retreating. The power of death, where was it? Now is it destroyed. I with a loud voice cried, "Victory, victory! the Lord Jesus Christ has for me gotten the victory!"

Then to the Lord I returned great thanks, saying: "Thou, Lord, hast shown great favor in giving me victory; therefore have the hosts of Satan fled. My heart overflows. Now, Lord, help me carefully, firmly, to retain the blessing which thou hast given."

I was as if nothing at all. I had nothing upon which to trust. I was as if dead, not alive, but the life that was in me was altogether faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. My desire was not in the least line to depart from him—parting from him being death, not life. Truly my soul knew only Jesus was to me life, truth, the heavenly ladder, whereby access could be had to the Father. Men not approaching by him could not see the Father. Parted from him one would be but as a withered branch.

O, to be like John—my soul all leaning upon

the Savior's bosom; like Mary, who wiped his feet with her hair! Hü Yong Mi was not. My whole being lived in that one word, Jesus! I now considered that I had received everything, that I had attained unto perfection.

Now, I have no need to go to Golgotha to seek the suffering Savior, no need to go to the sepulcher to weep over the dead Jesus! Now I see him already risen from the dead—the living, omnipotent, glorified Jesus—also filling and stirring my heart. Joy!

Ah! the Lord's love is immeasurable; higher than the heavens, deeper than the seas! With his omniscience he enlightens my senses and leads me to gradual growth in his love and grace. The doctrine of the Trinity became clearer—his great love bestowed upon the world, upon lowest sinners, deserving perdition. This grace is ineffable. Honor, power, glory be to God, and to the Lamb, and to the Holy Spirit everlastingly, until every heart submits to the Lord!

"Glorious Savior, thou hast saved me,
Now to thee my all I give!"

Thus having triumphed, I knew that Jesus was my victory, my strength, my life, my purity, my mount of refuge, my foundation-stone, my perfect peace.

Two years afterward, in 1876, on the second

day of the third month, the Heavenly Father gave us a little son—Samuel. In that year occurred one of the greatest floods ever known in Foochow. I was away on my circuit, and had arrived at Lĕk Tu, in Ming Chiang District, expecting, after holding quarterly-meeting there, to go on with Chung Ka Ẹn to Ku-cheng for quarterly-meeting. Report came that Ming Chiang District city was overflowed to above the housetops, and Lĕk Tu people urged me to delay my journey two days longer. I could not wait, for the season for quarterly-meeting at Ku-cheng was near.

At Mi La Ting, about sixteen miles from Lĕk Tu, we stopped at the home of a Church member, whose house was on the hillside. The flood had come up to his doorstep. I now realized how great was the flood. The people had heard that I was coming, and had assembled a company to hear the Savior's doctrines. Seeing the company, and knowing that they had been awaiting me, my whole soul was filled with joy and thanksgiving to God, who had given me so good an opportunity to sow the gospel seed among the multitude.

The next morning I proceeded to K'á Kan, three miles distant, to seek a boat. The water had left the road, but the mud was deep. All had said that the road was impassable, and

wished me not to start. I thought that doing the Lord's work I should go on the way at the appointed time, without delay. When every method had been exhausted, if it should be found impossible to go on, then I could return in peace. My whole heart longed to go to Ku-cheng. Although the road was of course difficult to travel, I thought that we could get along by walking on the brow of the hill.

I asked an exhorter, Wong Tai Wong, if he were willing to go over the road with me. He answered, "Well." We then started out together. When we came to a place where mud was very deep, he carried me on his back. Over the ordinary bad places I cautiously felt my way with a staff. Thus we arrived at the city of Ming Chiang. Here, in all directions, walls were fallen and the streets flooded. Few people were to be seen. The city appeared almost deserted. Who would not grieve, seeing such a lamentable condition?

I called for a boat, but no one answered. I started back towards K'á Kan, and met one man who asked where I was going. I answered, "I am going to Ku-cheng." "You are crazy," he replied. "How can you go?" Then to prevent my going, he cried with a loud voice, "You must immediately turn back."

I was determined to go, and inquired of

Tai Wong if he were still willing to accompany me to K'á Kan. (This was a little further on, where the Lëk Tu Creek joined the Min River.) I thanked him warmly for according with me, and we again went on together. Here the water had not left the road, and the mud was much worse. Only the tops of trees were visible, standing out of the water.

One or two boats were seen bearing city people off to the hills. When I called them, they answered not at all; but I heard them say, "Just offer us a few tens of thousands of dollars, and we will not go!" The few houses which had stood there were thrown down by the flood. There was no place to stop. To return was very difficult. I walked back and forth. Suddenly I perceived a movement in the branches of a tree. At once a Chwi Kan boat shot out from the midst of the tree-tops below the bank. (Chwi Kan is a town on the river between Ming Chiang and Ku-cheng.)

The boat was bound for Chwi Kan, and happened to come just in front of me. We were very glad to get on board. Wong Tai Wong returned to Mi La Ting. The moment I boarded the boat, the helm was turned and the boat was steered out into deep water. Strange! If it had come a little sooner or a little later, I could not have secured it. Truly, thanks belong to God,

who had prepared for me beforehand means to go where I must go.

The passengers in the boat had had nothing to eat for three days. That night the boat stopped at Ang Ming K'á. Men went to get rice, but none was to be obtained. I felt sorry for them. The next day all the passengers, except my burden-bearer and myself, went ashore, thinking to arrive at Chwi Kan quicker by walking. But soon after they left the boat a strong south wind sprang up which brought us to Chwi Kan before those who walked. I walked fifty-five li (seventeen miles) to Hok Tó Liang. The next day, Saturday, I arrived at Ku-cheng just in time for the quarterly-meeting.

Seeing me, all were astonished, thinking I must have taken wings to fly thither. Quarterly-meeting over, I started on Monday to return to Foochow across the mountains.

My first stopping place in Foochow was Ching Sing Tong. I found the walls broken. The people of Foochow were suffering from famine. The missionaries and the merchants had provided for the distribution of rice at Ching Sing Tong.

My own old home, in which I was born, had been washed away. My mother and brothers had all been protected by God, and were all safe alive. All thought it most wonderful that I should

have gone and returned during so great a flood. Together they rejoiced, giving thanks unto God who had led us all out of the way of death. The psalmist says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou, Lord, art with me." One who goes forward in the full performance of duty, through ways encompassed by danger, receives Divine protection. The recognition of this gives me peace.

CHAPTER XIV.

KU-CHENG DISTRICT.

IN the eleventh month of the second year of Kwong Siü (December, 1876), I moved my family to Ku-cheng, to which district I had that year been appointed presiding elder. Ku-cheng had belonged to Foochow District, and had just that year been made a separate district.

The members in that city were about forty, mostly poor people. There had been a drought, and many of the poor families needed assistance. I exhorted the wealthier members to subscribe for the relief of these poor. It was done; but there was dissatisfaction about the distribution of the relief fund, one thinking he had too little given him, and that another had too much. They began to harbor ill-will against me. Some wished certificates given them to go and join the English Church. There were also members who gambled and were quarrelsome. I heard of one who was addicted to opium. Some members had trouble through not performing ancestral worship at graves. The rent of their fields was refused them, so they wished me to inform the officials. Alas! I had arrived in the midst

of troublous circumstances, causing me secret sorrow. There seemed no opportunity for spiritual work. When I had passed through this place before I had found men of earnest hearts, now were they unfavorably changed.

I think some too favorite members had been treated as is often a precocious child. It is overpetted. It is busy all the day in all manner of activities, till the parents are too weary to eat. One must just have patience with such.

Among them were a few members who acted together with me to restore tranquillity. These circumstances were not unprofitable to me. God used them for my discipline. I had before resorted to secret prayer and fasting, to prevent self-trust and negligence of important affairs. Now, again I felt that it was necessary I should fast. I also, with a few members of like mind, met daily before daylight to pray for the Church.

Before long we had help from God. The Church was lifted up. I began holding meetings in private houses in the different villages round about. I saw the Church members, ardent in spirit, longing for the gospel, serving the Lord with gladness of heart.

There was one village in the mountains, called Hwang Te Yong, belonging to Kiong Ning prefecture. A Church member there ascertained at what time I was to arrive at his

village. He then early made preparation of a large quantity of native vegetables and game, although he was very poor. Snow was very deep at this time. I noticed that our host's wife and children and other women of the family wore two suits of summer clothing, yet they appeared joyous and happy, smiling more pleasantly than one often sees. I asked the preacher, "Why do they wear only two suits of summer clothing?" He answered: "Because you, Sing-sang, have come, they have to-day put on an extra suit. Each one carries a fire-basket, and they are so busy they do not feel cold." I felt sorry for them.

Seeing them go to kill chickens and ducks, I secretly urged the preacher to prevent it, for I did not wish to eat their substance. Our host and his wife said: "We have already prepared for you. If you are unwilling to partake, our desire will be unfulfilled. Accept, please, if you do not contemn the food prepared, and if you are willing to treat us as disciples of Christ."

I published in the *Ling Pó* (the native Church paper) the experiences of this quarter, and Lan Ing Sing, treasurer at King Ang Tong, Foochow, published the report. He was affected by the story of the family at Hwang Te Yong, and took a subscription for them, which he delivered to me.

This manifested that they had the love of God—holding things in common, like the early Christians.

At Siong Te and Loi Hung were many women who zealously studied the Scriptures, and went to neighboring villages expounding the Savior's doctrine. They also provided entertainment for preachers and members from a distance. All named the women of these two villages Marys and Marthas. Holding, at one time, quarterly-meeting at Loi Hung, a Church sister brought forward a little child for baptism, and requested me to give it a name. I asked for the child's history. The sister told me that she had taken it out of a ditch at the foot of the hill behind her house. Having heard the crying of the child in the night, she took her pitch-pot for a light, and went in search. Finding it a new-born baby, she took it home, gave it milk, and adopted it for her own. I said to her: "Well done! You know how to love humanity for the Savior's sake. Very exceedingly good! (Hó tek heng.)" I therefore gave it the name of Ho Tek Heng.

Seven or eight new stations were opened in the district. For a time there were not preachers enough for the new places. I constantly prayed the Lord, as he directed in the Gospels, saying: "The harvest is plenteous, the laborers are few.

I beseech thee, send laborers into the harvest-field."

It occurred that year, by the grace of God, that a few preachers, not just suited for work elsewhere, were given over to me for the Ku-cheng District. They strengthened the work. Yearly the several stations added fifty or sixty new members. Intelligence increased among the members.

This year (1877) Bishop Wiley came to Foo-chow to organize the Annual Conference. He, with Rev. S. L. Baldwin and Rev. D. W. Chandler, paid a special visit to Ku-cheng.

Seeing the chapel too small, they promised to build another in the Fifth Ward. This new building was very roomy—over seventeen hundred feet in circumference. The cost was about six hundred dollars. Rev. D. W. Chandler was missionary in charge. He was very zealous in the work of a pastor and preacher of the gospel. He explained the Scriptures with exceeding clear discernment, added to men's virtue, and created among the preachers more hunger and thirst for knowledge. His intuitions were quick. From a word he comprehended what was in the mind of another. He rejoiced to assist in building chapels everywhere.

The building of the chapel at Ku-cheng required about one year. There were many

troublesome circumstances connected with it, giving occasion for tears, fasting, and prayers. In the end it was erected, not by ax, chisel, and saw, but by the manifest power of the Holy Spirit. Outside men, seeing us patient in the midst of many annoyances, could not understand the meaning of it. One old man of the neighborhood said: "We see that the doctrine of Jesus is good, very good; but this patience toward men is difficult to learn. We think you are too patient."

Certain members of the English Church frequently said, "The Methodist Episcopal Church is not strongly established;" meaning not a State Church, and caused men to contemn us. I knew that there was a certain narrow way in which I must walk; that although all things are under the sway of Divine government, we must conduct business carefully, trusting not in the might of men. If our trust were in men, verily the power and glory of God might be concealed by the influence of men's violent passions, and the foundation of the gospel be found to be laid in sand. I had been very, very sorrowful—there was so much for which there seemed utterly no help. Then I knelt and importunately said to the Lord: "Lord, behold, enemies are everywhere intrenched. Thy servant has great sorrow, and there remains no way to work. Now I ask thee, Lord, to come

at once and help me." My heart received the thought, "You just go forward, doing fully that which you ought to do; you will know that I help."

I then thought there are only two ways, in both of which lie difficulty and danger. If, by exhausting every method, something might be accomplished, it would be well; but if nothing be accomplished, the matter is made worse. Now, since God has made to me a revelation, I will proceed in the course that seems best. As a matter of course, the thing desired was accomplished with ease beyond what man could imagine.

In the evening, when the business was finished, I wrote a letter to Rev. D. W. Chandler. The next morning my letter was no sooner dispatched than I received one from Mr. Chandler, saying that he had, while praying, received answer from the Heavenly Father that the trouble at Ku-cheng was ended. I marveled as I read it. Ku-cheng is distant several hundred li, with no telegraph wire by which to communicate. Through a believer's prayer communication had been accomplished quicker than by electricity. After the business was all completed, the enemies were much humbled, and confessed their wrong, and listened to my preaching until they forgot their meals.

Being summoned by members of their family, they replied, "Hearing this doctrine is better than eating." On the occasion of the dedication of the chapel a neighbor presented a picture which he had designed and sketched. It represented an old man, a sage, sitting in the midst of a pile of rocks. The stones about were ingeniously formed to resemble men and woman—the likeness not discernible at the first glance. Above the picture was written the legend, "To hwa sik sing ing"—Doctrine (Christianity) transforms stones into men. The pine-tree, under which the sage sat, assumed the form of a cross. (The pine is the emblem of longevity.) Having seen the picture, I was astonished; for the artist was not a Church member, nor was he a firm believer in Christianity. How was it that he had portrayed an idea corresponding so with Scripture? Truly, Christians are, in every condition and action, watched by men of the world. Therefore, according to what they see us do, they form their conception. This truly glorifies God and the name of Jesus. May the will of God be done in all men's hearts quickly! Amen.

Finally, I, with Mr. Chandler, went to see the magistrate about the expulsion of a hanger-on at the chapel, who had troubled us a year. The magistrate, Eu, knew that we had used all

leniency toward our opponents. Therefore he was very energetic in the business, rendering us assistance as if it were his own affair, and in less than three days the man moved off.

It was God who caused the magistrate to be thus helpful in the matter. Afterward both believers and unbelievers saw clearly that we had not been inactive because we had no means to exert, but because we were unwilling at once to follow our urgent desires, and irregularly use human power and influence against immoral men. We rather wished first to reveal the gospel principle, "Overcome evil with good." "This is true patience," said outsiders. Great thanks to the Father in heaven for causing us, not alone with the voice, to preach to men's souls the doctrines of the gospel. As the heavens without speech reveal the glory of God, so do Christians. Again was the Word fulfilled: "Going forth with tears to sow, returning with joy."

This year our son Samuel was dangerously ill with measles, and lay at the point of death. Several days he lay unconscious, turning his head from side to side, recognizing neither his father nor mother. None of the physicians in the city could help him. All were tried in vain. The neighbors sympathized with us. They came and informed us that about forty li dis-

tant from the city, at Sek Paik Tu, dwelt an independent physician, who had a wide reputation for the treatment of measles, but who treated patients at his own house, not going abroad. They offered to take a letter for me to this physician, descriptive of the boy's symptoms, and get his advice.

But while I was yet meditating about it, this doctor came to the house with Chiong Taik Liong, preacher at Sek Chek Tu. The doctor had learned from Chiong Taik Liong of my boy's severe illness, and had come for the special purpose of seeing him. The neighbors seeing the great doctor come uninvited, wondered and praised God, saying, "Your God is all divine." They rejoiced, believing that the child would now be well.

Alas! after taking the medicine, the child did not grow better, but worse. The doctor, who had remained to see the effect of the medicine, abandoned all hope and returned home. Then was my soul deeply distressed; but I prayed God to have mercy, and save the child. While praying, the word revealed to my heart was, "If now I manifest my power you will not recognize it."

I asked, "What is the reason?" Then I realized that I had all along been relying on human aid, and I had been impatient, if one

doctor's medicine did not benefit, to call at once another physician. I still trusted in human means, and had not exhausted all my fancied methods. There were two physicians in the city, among those called, whose medicine had seemed somewhat efficacious. These I wished to call again. One, at my summons, refused to come; the other was ill, and could not come.

"Now," I felt, "I have exhausted all means, and have only God upon whom to rely. The child will be well." As I was about to whisper this hope to my wife, she spoke first, and said, "He will get well." At this time there was no change in the child's symptoms. About five minutes after we had spoken, the child opened its lips and called "mamma." He improved from that moment, and in one month was again walking about.

If God had exerted his power while we still trusted in man's skill, it would not have been evident whose power had accomplished the work. Rev. D. W. Chandler said, "Man's extremity is God's good opportunity." This word was truly precious.

In the twelfth month of the same year (January, 1879) we moved into the newly-built chapel to live. On the Tëng Yong Circuit, at Liang T'an, lived a Church member whose wife died. Her heathen relatives came in a body,

and tried to compel the husband to have various idolatrous ceremonies performed. He refused. The crowd increased. They were like wolves and tigers. With great uproar they essayed to drive the man from his house, beating him, breaking up furniture, tearing down partitions of the house, etc. They were exhorted to keep order by many good words, but without avail. The man made his escape, and in company with Tiong Ming Tung, came the fifty li to Ku-cheng to request me to inform the magistrate, and have a police force sent to stop the work of destruction. Hearing the case, I was troubled too, and said: "Alas! I heard this morning that the magistrate had gone to the west to see about the case of one beaten to death. You must wait two or three days for his return. Since the matter is so urgent, how can you wait?"

They urged: "Inform the military commander for us. Request him to depute a few yamen soldiers to return with us. We are willing to meet all the expenses."

I replied: "People's civil suits do not come within the jurisdiction of the military camp. Since the military commandant is my relative, I must be the more careful not to ask him to exceed his duty. Even should I make the request of him, it would be too late. Soldiers

could not arrive at your village at the earliest before to-morrow evening—too late to save anything."

The preacher replied a little sharply: "You seem to be unwilling to do this, and unwilling to do that. I only fear that the church will be destroyed."

I answered: "The church is one established by God. Men can not steal it away. You must strengthen your faith, lest you fall into the wiles of the devil."

"According to your view, Sing-sang," continued the preacher, "what is there which can be done more quickly?"

I replied: "God, whom you and I worship, is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, sovereign of all. If you ask him, he can this moment cause your enemies to flee. Do you not yet know—do you not believe this?" He, hearing this was dumb; yet agitated, impatient, as if he would say, "Our business is very urgent; you talk of preaching and praying!" He made a movement as if at once going away.

I took hold of his hand and held him, asking, "Where do you believe God to be?" Silence. "Now let me tell you, God's Spirit is truly here in our midst. It is recorded in his Word, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Now, at this time, you may see the great power of God man-

ifested visibly, increasing your faith, and through your faith, still more increasing faith."

He was anxious at once to go away, for it was now dark. I immediately knelt and prayed. They could not but kneel with me. When prayer was over, I said to them: "The enemies of your house have already with fear fled away. Return in peace." The preacher and the Church member were affected during the prayer, and were ready to believe it might be so.

On the next morning they departed, and before arriving at their home they learned that the relatives of the deceased wife had all gone. Inquiring at what time, they were told at dark the evening before—exactly at the time of prayer.

CHAPTER XV.

FRUITS OF LABOR.

ONE day, accompaying a guest, Wong Eüng Chiong, to the door, I saw a wretched vagabond standing near. Wong Eüng Chiong recognized him, and said to me: "That fellow often stands outside the chapel listening to your preaching." I then invited the man to come in and be seated. He could hardly be persuaded to do so, but yielded at last as by compulsion.

I asked him, "How many times have you come to listen outside?"

He replied, "I am always here to listen."

"Why do you not come inside the chapel?" I asked.

"You are so clean and so grand," he answerered, "how could I enter?"

I again questioned, "What have you heard?"

He answered, "Not one sentence which was not exceedingly good."

I then exhorted him to come and be a disciple. He shook his head and sighed, as if to say, "That happiness is not for me." I earnestly exhorted him to come to Jesus, assuring

him that he would receive salvation. Before long he came again. I inquired, "Have you anything to tell me?" He shook his head.

"Alas!" he said, "I wish to inquire if the Savior is willing to receive the most wicked, the most unworthy of men."

These words moved me very much. I unconsciously shed tears.

"Truly, do you know that you have sinned?" I asked him.

"Ah, ah," he replied, shaking his head, "my sins are more than I can tell. All wickedness have I committed."

Some bystanders remarked: "We all know Lan Tiong Lung, his bad name, his wicked deeds. He has opened gambling-places, opium-shops. He himself eats opium. All fear him. He has been employed to recover bad debts, because none dare to refuse him. Every wickedness has he done. Formerly his father bound him with an iron chain. He loosed it and ran away."

"Not only so," continued Lan Tiong Lung, "my heart perceives that it has offended against the law of God, and broken all commands. Now how is salvation possible?"

I then said: "The Savior came from heaven to earth, and suffered to save man from sin. To whom does the word 'man' refer? That one

who is truly penitent, who desires to forsake all sin, who confesses Jesus to be the Savior, and who believes that the death of the Lord was for him, the spilled blood was shed alone for his sins,—that kind of a man, although he has many sins, has them all covered and forgiven. Such a heart accords perfectly with the will of God, who promises to save. Without confession, repentance, faith, the very least sin will not be forgiven. Whosever cometh unto God he will not cast away. To the heavy burdened, the sorrowful coming to him, he gives peace."

Then I prayed with the man. He resolved to break off opium, to cease the opium business and gambling. Some pipes he destroyed. Some other utensils he delivered to me. He gave up all his bad practices. The pills which I gave him for the cure of the opium habit he took but a few days. He thought that if he died through casting away his sin, the better. One day he lay on the roadside as if dying. All men knew that his was a case of opium illness. They tried to draw him into an opium den, telling him that if he but took two pipes he would be well. He answered, "Men who have not the opium habit also take sick and die." He would not touch the drug, and he recovered.

He now became a peddler of fish, going through the various villages with his burden of

fish. In his business he manifested that he was honest, just, and sincere. He sold only what was good, and charged but a fair price, not cheating in any way. Everybody discussed the matter of his sudden change to goodness.

"Can such a bad man have become good? No; perhaps he has become a false Christian to deceive the Christian minister in some way."

After a long time he preached zealously to men the Christian doctrine. Many men used various methods to tempt and try him. They, seeing that he was not moved except to laugh at them for so doing, wondered greatly, saying, "This man is truly a Christian!" Then they asked: "What magic did the Christian minister use? Has the doctrine power to transform such a kind of a man into one so good?" All greatly wondered, but could not explain. Then they went to Lan Tiong Lung and questioned him, "You—man—why or how did you become so changed?"

He answered: "It was the power of God which regenerated me. It was the grace of Jesus which saved me. I, Tiong Lung, this man, no man near me—only the love of Jesus so great that he was willing to receive me—this caused me to live again from the dead."

Men asked him many times over. Tiong Lung responded in the same way. Finally he

said, "I have told you many times over; why are you not willing to believe?" Thus the reputation of Jesus' doctrine became fragrant everywhere.

Many people came afterward to have great faith in Tiong Lung. Beforetime men were not willing to trust him with a single cash. Now, traders, rich men, and genteel gave him large sums of silver to take to Foochow for the purpose of making purchases. His latter state differed widely from his former, and manifested the power of the Holy Spirit to transform the inner heart of man. Tiong Lung still lives, and is a firm Christian, and an honest tradesman still in Lĕk Tu.

One time I gathered together a company to investigate what customs hindered men from learning Christian doctrine—what were the causes of the persecution of Christians. I learned that for the festival of the fifteenth day of the first month the citizens were to serve regularly in turn as superintendent of the idol procession, etc. To escape this was very difficult.

I said to the company: "Now, consider what methods can be adopted to avoid this trouble. In two weeks I will hear your report."

After two weeks the answer was, "No method." They only sighed, "We can not think it out."

I asked, "If the turn comes to you to superintend, and you simply do nothing, would anything dreadful happen?"

They replied: "If we do nothing, the whole village would pour out upon the house with cursings and railings, seize the offender, and hang him by his hands fast behind his back, and beat him till he would promise to act; or they might plunder the house, and drive the man out of the village."

"What is the business, what is implied in superintending the idol procession, etc.?" I asked.

They replied: "The man upon whom the business devolves must make a great quantity of small cakes, piling them up in high pyramids to the ceiling. He must take many kinds of dried fruits and seeds to make decorations; must kill and dress many chickens, pigs, and sheep; and all these things are to be taken and arranged in good form in the ancestral temple. The people of one village parade their idol to another village, and this in turn parades its idol to the first, thus exchanging visits. The head man must himself carry the idol. The procession over, a feast is spread, and all invited meet at the house of the superintendent. Rich or poor, it matters not, if one's turn comes to act as principal, one must. A poor man must use sev-

eral tens of thousands of cash. The whole expense does not devolve upon one, but several. They usually spend from one to two hundred thousand cash each. Therefore, the poor must often part with fields and houses to raise money for the procession. Therefore, the name in the village for the head man is Chiok Len Tàn (Short-lived chief)."

I said to the assembly, "You are all willing for the Lord Jesus' sake to put it all away?"

They answered: "May the Lord help. We will obey his will."

I said: "We must fervently pray. God can give us victory in this matter."

Afterward, thanks to God, I was given a good opportunity to speak to the village council, and was kindly received by them.

Afterward, when they assembled to arrange for the festival, I went to see them, and entreated that the villagers might be allowed to follow their own conscience in the matter of worshiping the idol; that no one should be forcibly compelled. I hoped that thus the village fathers, uncles, and brothers would have harmony and peace. "This accords with the happiness which you, honorable men, wish for your people," I said. The elders were greatly pleased with my words, and cheerfully granted my request. "Worshiping the supreme Lord is

good," they said; "we none of us disbelieve that. The business [of providing for the festival] is a public concern. Some of our members are absent to-day. We do not know what they would wish."

I then requested as a favor that they would speak to the others, and, with expressions of thanks, took my leave. Departing from the council I, with the few members who had accompanied me, went to the homes of those who had been absent from the council, soliciting them to promise to be lenient in the matter.

Their answer was the same as that of the other elders.

I said, "I have seen all the other elders; they are favorably inclined, but wait word from you."

"We have nothing to oppose the majority," was their answer.

Thanks to God for thus permitting this most troublesome matter to come to an end. Church members were no more compelled to be chiefs of the idolatrous festivities.

The elders brought to me the historical boards on which were inscribed the names of all the inhabitants, and allowed me to erase names of Church members.

The members were rejoiced. They used the money which ordinarily they must have ex-

pended on the festivities to repair roads. (It had been an article of agreement with the elders that money should be so used. The roads were quickly repaired before the time for the processions. All perceived that it was good.)

At the time of the feast a class of persons, finding the Christians absent from the ancestral temple, raised a disturbance, and cursed their names. Relatives of the Christians were thereby made angry. They returned home, and tried to compel their Christian kin to go to the temple. All ran to my house in tears. I called to their remembrance the words of Christ, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you," etc.

Some years after I had left Ming Chiang, I heard that one year the turn came for Lan Tiong Lung to be chief of the idol festivities. His villagers were determined to compel him to act. (He belonged to another village, where the names of Christians had not been erased, but where they had been leniently treated. I had had opportunities to give instruction and exhortation to the elders and literati of this village. Many had intermittent fever, and I took them quinine and the gospel.)

Lan Tiong Lung was subjected to many annoyances. Attempts were made to frighten him into serving. Finding that he would not yield, the people said he might only bow his head;

they would do all the work for him. This he refused to do.

He spoke but a few words: "Cut off my head, all right. Bow my head I will not." He resolved to lose everything, even his life, for the Lord, and was glad therefor.

All seeing that he was not in the least to be moved, and that he feared not death, left off troubling him.

May the Holy Spirit descend, and cause the seed sown in men's hearts to spring up and bring forth fruits—a hundred, sixty, thirty fold! Amen!

One time, after a two months' absence on my circuit, returning to Lëk Tu, I heard men on the road cry, "Heaven, earth, send rain! We starve."

This gave me information of a terrible drought. My heart was sad; but I thought, "God has power over the rain. To be sorrowful profits nothing," and I dismissed my sadness.

One day some poor girls twice brought me fowls to sell. They weighed but a few ounces, or but little over a pound each. I said to them: "Little sisters, you must take the fowls home, and feed them a little longer. These pullets will repay you very quickly. Bring them again when larger, and you will receive more cash." Wong Eüng Chiong, a Church member, was

standing near, who said, sighing: "Sir, you know how to calculate thus for them! Do they not know the same themselves? When there is such scarcity of food that many poor people have nothing to eat, where can they get anything to feed chickens?"

I was greatly moved, and, astonished, asked, "Is that truly the case?"

He only sighed, "Alas! yes."

I then said: "This is God's appointment. Who can change the righteous anger of Highest Heaven?"

I thought in my heart, How good if one might approach into His presence, face to face, with strength to speak! I am what sort of man? How can I approach his presence? In my heart came the answer: "You are the Lord's servant, and are also called to be his son." Suddenly aroused, I asked myself, "Besides those who believe in the Lord Jesus, who can approach near to God? Who can face to face with the Supreme speak, and he be pleased to hear? Truly we are his own. Truly it is my duty to weep and recount before him the sorrows of the people. That they have suffered so long, and I have not prayed, is my fault."

I then called upon the Christians to meet in the chapel, fasting, the next morning, to pray for rain.

When the people were assembled, I read a few verses of Scripture, and then we prayed. During prayer I felt the unction of the Holy Spirit. The words which were uttered were mostly words of the psalmist. My faith increased as I prayed. Suddenly my right ear heard a distinct voice, "There is hope; your prayer is not in vain." In my heart a voice without a sound said, "To-morrow at this time rain."

At this time an idol procession was passing, calling for rain. If rain had fallen then, all would have said, "This idol has great power." I thought it ought not so to be. Then came the small voice, "To-morrow at this time rain." Rising from prayer, my whole heart was filled with joy, and I said to the assembly: "The Lord has promised. A voice said to me, 'To-morrow at this time rain;' now you may all in peace return home."

Some, full of faith, returned to their homes, and published the matter. Those who were not believers remarked, "If this heaven sends rain to-morrow, then we must all join with the Christians." The next morning not the least cloud appeared in the sky. The sun was hotter than before. Some ridiculed, saying, "Where is the rain coming from to-day, and not a sign of cloud?" I knelt praying, waiting for

the rain to come. My faith said, "Surely, rain to-day." It was as though already accomplished to my knowledge.

After praying the second time, I went out and saw that clouds had risen; but the sun still shone. I prayed again, as if flying through the heavens, grasping the clouds, and drawing them over the face of the sky and the sun.

While kneeling the third time I heard thunder. A great wind sprang from all quarters, and very great rain poured down.

I was so happy my tears ran down like the heavy rain.

I heard from every house sounds of joy at the coming of rain.

Quickly the creek rose. All its banks overflowed. It seemed that it rose ten feet in an hour's time, so mighty was the downpour. Earth was washed from the hills in places, causing chasms. Trees were felled; walls broken down, and much damage done to growing grain.

Afterward when there was drought, people often came for prayers.

CHAPTER XVI.

VICTORIES WON.

ONE time, having been on a fifty days' circuit through all the districts, I had reached Chiong Hu Pwang, and held quarterly-meeting there, and was then about to return to Lëk Tu. When ready for the journey I learned that no boat could move on account of a high freshet in the river. I returned to the chapel, and the Church members greeted me with clapping of hands. They had wished me to stay longer with them. They now said, "It is God who keeps you here; you must be content."

I answered: "The work of the quarter, to do which God has commissioned me, seems all to be completed. If I stay longer I fear it will not profit you." "Why so?" they all exclaimed. I replied: "I fear that you rejoice only in the hearing of the ear, but do not carefully reflect and vigorously act in accordance with God's will upon the divine revelation which you have received. To do this is to know God; to have him more manifest to you; to have your faith deepened, grace increased, and happiness more abundant than that arising from any other

source. Examine what you do; then will your joy be in yourself, not in another. Every man must bear his own burden. To hear the commands of God, and not to obey, is to contemn the Lord. That sin is the greatest. You become worse than those who have not heard the doctrine. Like a hydrocephalous child, you will never attain a normal stature. All Scripture absorbed, if not assimilated hardens the heart." The people said, "To-day, here we have received much instruction already, which has greatly profited us."

But I knew that for some other purpose, not this, God had kept me at Chiong Hu Pwang. Therefore, I constantly sought what it was I should do; but in vain. My countenance expressed sadness. The people, seeing my expression, supposed that, because I had been so long absent from home, I desired to return. Truly it was not so. Every day there was heavy rain and flood until Friday, when the river was in condition for a boat to go, and we started. All gladly escorted me to the boat. Very fast we went down stream to Chwi Kan. There suddenly arose a great wind to hinder our progress. I thought, "This is very strange. God has stopped me again; I know not for what reason." My heart was sorrowful. In the boat I had no peace. It was as if something drove me to

leave the boat. I felt as if I must go to the English mission chapel. I thought if I only went there a few minutes to greet the pastor, I could return to the boat in peace.

At the chapel I met a member of the English Church, an old man, Ngoi Cheng Ting. He was from Wang Kan, distant about six miles from Chwi Kan. He had come to the chapel an hour or two before me. He came forward and made salutation. I wished to return quickly to the boat, fearing that the pastor, Ngoi Tai Kan, would send out to make purchases for my entertainment; so I wished not to engage the old man in too much talk, and thought to answer him in one sentence—the common greeting—"Has your heart peace?"

He began to tell what had been his experience since he began to be a Christian, talking, it appeared, interminably. As I listened, I wondered. His whole heart was full of joy. His expressions were so in accord with Scripture that I was astonished.

He said: "At one time my spirit had already left the body, and perceived that it had left the body. I saw into the glory of heaven, such a glory as earth knows not. If comparable to anything, it was like living a thousand years in one day. I greatly wish to return to that place, for I have seen it." Again he said he

had seen the judgment. His heart had fear beyond bounds.

Here I took paper and pencil, secretly to note his expressions. I sat as if listening to him indifferently. I said: "Brother, just speak on. I have a few important items which I wish to jot down, but I will hear you."

He then told of the sorrows of repentance—how greatly he sorrowed. Suddenly he heard the voice of the Lord saying unto him, "Happiness eternal receive by the grace of God!" With loud voice he exclaimed: "Then received I great grace of God, beyond words to tell. I knew not letters nor how to write. Daily and nightly I longed for the coming of Christ, to publish in my stead the great grace and joy I had received. I also wished to carve it on stone monuments to be ever remembered. Glory, glory, my Lord Jesus! No men understand me. They say, 'This man is crazy or is a fool.' Truly it is not so." I, hearing him thus say that he wished to glorify the Lord Jesus, was compelled to confess to him what I was doing. I said to him: "I know that you are not crazy. At this time the words which my hand has penned are those which you have spoken—your testimony of grace received." He, hearing this, was so happy he leaped and shouted for joy, springing over the benches, crying and shouting,

"God has verily manifested his divinity." Thus he leaped and shouted for about half an hour. Again he said: "This is what I have ardently longed and prayed for. It is truly as if Christ had come and accomplished my prayers;" crying out, "Joy, joy, joy; thanks, thanks, thanks!" Thus, his friends afterward told me, he continued shouting for several days at his home.

The shouting in the chapel collected a large crowd about the doors. All were astonished, and asked, "What is the meaning of this?" Some said to me, "Now we are determined to come and worship God." My own heart was kindled with renewed fervor. Deep thoughts came. I recognized the likeness in this man's experience to my own. I knew for what reason the hindrances had befallen me—the rain, the flood, the wind. The work was found and done. The wind had ceased. The boatmen were ready to go on. We went on our homeward journey.

To this time, this member, Ngoi Cheng Ting, is a very earnest Christian. He tells any man he sees of the joy he experiences—the joy of salvation. He is not eloquent; but his heart is full, and it beams in his countenance. He was formerly a mason, but he has given up his business to preach Christ, although not a licensed preacher. He has a banner on which are

inscribed characters signifying God's power and love, the crucifixion of Christ for the sin of mankind, the Ten Commandments, and his own experiences. This banner he bears on his back as he travels hundreds of miles, everywhere letting men read the inscriptions he bears. A few days ago (November 18, 1886) he came to Foochow to see me. He says but little ordinarily; just takes a look and departs, as if saying, I wished merely a sight of your face. This time he said, "Ah! you will go before me; but I will quickly come." He tells his experiences to all, and earnestly prays for those who are not converted. He greatly longs for the Savior's gospel to spread quickly over all the earth, and longs for the second coming of Christ and the resurrection. He says: "When the Savior appears, I will run forward, and press to clasp his feet. Daily and nightly I long to go to the place where Jesus is."

I have thought that in him was fulfilled what the Savior said accords with the Heavenly Father's good will: "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

After I had been three years in Ming Cheng, I was ordained elder by Bishop Kingsley. Dr. Maclay at that time superintended Foochow and the up-river districts. The upper districts,

Yong Ping and others, were wide and mountainous. Mountains and ridges were piled on one another very high. The roads were rugged, streams and rivulets dangerous. Often robbers were met on the way. Dr. Maclay had much business for one man, and could not go everywhere; therefore the upper districts were given me to superintend two years. At the expiration of the two years the Annual Meeting appointed me presiding elder of those districts four years. Thus the upper districts engaged me six years altogether from the time of my ordination by Bishop Kingsley.

One Church member, Lai Lie Nging, went to Song Chiong, where formerly he had borne rank as a soldier, to rent a chapel, and one local preacher was appointed to assist him.

With Li Nga Hung I went to rent chapels at Tai-cheng and Sa Kaing. With Pang Ting Hie I went to Ing Ang to rent. In these different places, although the language was strange and the people were unknown to me, wonderful as it was, we found many willing to rent for chapel use. Sometimes people asked me to stay and be their preacher. I, therefore, had opportunity to say directly to the landlords that people might in future raise difficulties, spread slanders, etc., and asked them if they feared. They answered, "We do not fear." I said still

more plainly, even if anything very terrible should happen—even foreigners might come—they said to me resolutely, "We do not at all fear." Thereafter, therefore, if trouble should arise, they could not say I had not warned them. Agreements, both spoken and written, were made, which completed the business.

At Iá Kaing City, Taing King Ing and Li Nga Hung were the pastors. I think they discoursed too much on the worship of idols. The villagers sought to compel them to subscribe idol-money. From that time arose trouble, moving all the city. A mob came to tear down the chapel and to drive away the preachers. These two, seeing the case dangerous, answered all: "This house is one rented by Mr. Hü. On such a day he will come here again. If you have any words, say them to him." They ceased and waited my arrival.

Fortunately, at the time of renting I had spoken exhaustively, and the written agreement was explicit; therefore they had no text for disturbance. When on my arrival I learned about the matter, I sat waiting at the chapel door for any complainants who might appear. People saw me, and passed by without remark.

After a time the Tekaing (district magistrate) learned that there was some trouble. He was alarmed, and sent a messenger and police to the

chapel at night, compelling us to go the yamen to stay for three days, until the officers could make investigation and give exhortation to the people, when we might return to the chapel in peace. How could we foresee that from this beginning, henceforward, preachers should perpetually reside at the officers' yamen to preach? Such is still the case at Sá Kaing, and the preachers are supported at the magistrate's charge. Each new official follows his predecessor's example. Pang Ting Hié was next appointed to Sá Kaing. At that time the magistrate altered a court of the yamen into a chapel and residence for the preachers. Several members were added. All were men from another district. The majority were criminals who had been committed to the yamen. The members exceeded in number those of any other district. God planned beyond our human thought.

One year I, with Revs. F. Ohlinger and N. J. Plumb, went to Sá Kaing to see the magistrate, and ask him to return the former chapel, informing him that the next day we were going into the streets to sell books.

The magistrate, Pang, was afraid a disturbance would be created by the foreign missionaries going into the streets. It seemed, therefore, that he organized a scheme to prevent it.

A crowd of retainers at the yamen went forth and came rushing in a riotous manner into the yamen as though they were outsiders, bent on frightening the missionaries. How did I know that it was a scheme? Because I saw all complacent in the yamen. The women and children were smiling, whereas if it had been a rush of the populace, as it simulated, there would have been much terror.

At that time the members in the district cities of the Upper Prefecture numbered about one hundred. They were ardent, zealous, true-hearted, with joy serving the Lord. Nightly they assembled in chapels to study the Scriptures, pray, and sing. They reverenced their pastors, and regarded affectionately the missionaries as messengers from God. At quarterly-meeting time some often came two or three miles to meet me. They also made entertainment for me. Better still, ministers and people would have a collection of Scripture texts which they did not understand, for which they waited my explanation. They were hungry and thirsty for Scripture teaching. I reflected, these people think the elders are all-wise. They knew not that I had not been through college. I myself was very hungry and thirsty regarding the Scriptures, and much was not clearly understood. These people giving me such precious work to

do pleased my soul; but I was also sorrowful, fearing many deficiencies, fearing wrong constructions of the text which might endanger men's souls. Therefore I was very cautious before the people, only in prayer before God very importunate, saying: "Lord, nothing can men have except it come from heaven. Would the Lord give blessing first to me in order that I might have to distribute to others, as in the miracle of the loaves and fishes?"

Thanks to the Holy Spirit, who was ever with me to abide my true Teacher of righteousness, when I began to teach or read I perceived the might of the Holy Spirit manifest. With speaking, intelligence increased, inspiration and vigor. I myself was greatly profited and the assembly. All had increased gladness of heart as if in heaven.

Sometimes persecution and troubles arose. Occasionally the trouble was domestic, through Christian members of a household keeping the Sabbath, or refusing to sacrifice to ancestors. Occasionally villagers caused the trouble on account of the matter of subscribing to idol processions.

On account of many heathen usages, relatives were divided, friends separated, and Christian workmen embarrassed by patronage removed. Christians working in heathen houses were sub-

jected to ridicule, jeers, contempt, insults, slanders, and false accusations of all kinds. It would be difficult to tell all. There was nothing to do but weep and pray and patiently endure all kinds of oppressions. The Church members with one heart mutually exhorted, comforted, helped, and prayed for each other, trusting in God's protection. All doing according to God's will had peace. They longed for the bliss of heaven. Did not this show divine grace to develop a true Church?

One year was current the report that Christians poisoned wells. The false accusation came from the Canton Province. Placards were out in Foochow. Every one was talking of it. Lies spread like a typhoon. As the native proverb says, "Draw a serpent, and add to it feet."

Suddenly I heard that the city chapel at Kucheng had been torn down. Members had suffered imprisonment. My heart was very sad. One day a vagabond, known to me by sight, rushed abruptly into my house, and exclaimed: "The vagabonds of all the villages are coming to rob and arrest you. You must hastily run away." Having spoken, he fled. In a few moments I heard a knocking at the door. As I went to open it I saw several men about the door. Seeing me, they all looked as if they wanted to run away. A rain, which had been

falling, was just clearing off. I addressed the men, saying, "Did you knock at the door?" All looked at each other in silence. Again I asked, "Do you wish to avoid the rain?" All looked ashamed. One or two shook their heads and the company withdrew. A quarter of an hour afterward I saw the shop-doors all closed.

A multitude of noisy men were in the streets. From every quarter came vagabonds racing toward the chapel, with intent to destroy and plunder. A large crowd had assembled to witness the destruction, male and female, old and young.

Fortunately, there was a man of reputation who came forward and announced: "You wish to come and plunder the chapel? In this I venture not to hinder you; but whoso wishes to enter must first come and register names and surnames. Why? If, after your thieving, there is found no case against you, you can enjoy your plunder in peace. But if the magistrates investigate the matter, you will, according to your names, be held responsible. If not so, you will escape, and the odium of the affair will adhere to our neighborhood, and implicate other people. That would never do." Therefore all the vagabonds, hearing these words, gradually, like the fall of leaves, dropped away.

The proverb says, "One sound of thunder beats away nine typhoons."

Church members from another neighborhood soon came to say that a company was coming with weapons to protect me and the chapel. I was sorry to hear it, and sent them quickly back to say that I was a worshiper of God, and used not bloody weapons to fight; that the vagabonds had already retired, and I should thank them not to trouble themselves.

Answer was returned: "They will surely come, for the outlaws will return to-night to trouble you. They desire to plunder you, and they will dare severity, because you are but one family here. We know that you worshipers of God are good-hearted, and do not injure men."

I answered: "You men have great love to treat me so. I accept the will for the deed, with many kind thanks. You have learned that the Spirit which I worship is the Lord who created heaven and earth. He is very efficient—mightily so. He has sent messengers, heavenly soldiers, heavenly officers, here to protect me. They have saved me already. If not so I myself should early have fled away. Now I invite all not to come, and to withdraw from their design."

That night, all night until daylight, there were sounds of dogs barking. The next day people came and told me: "The vagabonds thought that you would be much frightened,

and would certainly at night make your escape to another village with your possessions. They all night concealed themselves in the byways in wait to rob you in moving; but your serenity has brought their plans to naught."

After a few days, I heard that the Ku-cheng magistrate had seized the leaders of the riot there. The report had reached Ming Cheng, and alarmed the vagabonds there.

It was strange that only that year was there in the summer no epidemic of any serious character. If the Creator of heaven and earth had not manifested his divinity in protecting the children of the Church, redeemed by Christ's blood, then would the disciples have suffered oppressions innumerable, unspeakable. Truly, one saw God's great power manifest, destroying the inventions of the devil.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOK CHIANG DISTRICT.

IN the fifth year of Kwang Sen, and the fourth month (May, 1879), on a certain evening, I saw Ling Ching Ting dressed in very white clothes, and riding on a beautiful white horse. Unlike his former appearance, he was full and robust of countenance. He rode straight into the open court of the Ku-cheng Church. Meeting him, I asked, "Why have you come here?" He said, "Purposely to invite you to go with me." I said, "It is now almost dark; you must stop with me to-night, and wait until I make preparation for going with you." He answered, "The way upward is very urgent; you must go immediately." I at once perceived his meaning, and hence did not insist on his remaining. I said, "You go on, and I will follow to-morrow, in search of you." Afterwards, when I awoke, I wondered what was the purpose of the dream. I concluded it was, that he had first died, and my time would soon come.

The next day I related the dream to my wife, and also said that my work in Ku-cheng was nearly finished, and we must prepare to go

elsewhere. At one time Mr. Chandler came to Ku-cheng, and during a conversation he urged me to decide to remain longer on that district, because, after the labors of purchasing and building the church, I ought to have some rest. As to adaptation to my health, that was certainly a good place; better than any other. I had often heard of the work in Hok Chiang; that many troubles arose each year, the members disagreeing with their preachers, and being slow to contribute for their support, often leaving the Church and setting up independent Churches, several hundred having thus gone from us. I often felt anxious about these things.

Then, again, I thought to myself there are in Hok Chiang so many troublesome things, how can I take the responsibility of deciding to go there?

When I came to the Conference, and the appointments were made, my name was at first left on the Ku-cheng District, as before; but strangely I said to the cabinet, "May I make a request?" Mr. Baldwin, president of the Conference, was surprised, and said, "What important request have you to make?" I answered, "To go to Hok Chiang." Mr. Baldwin answered, "Very willingly we will grant this."

But after I said this, I regretted it very much. I thought, "Why was I so unwise as to

speak in this manner?" for it had the appearance at the time of being proud, self-trusting, boasting of my own ability, and thus in danger of giving offense to my brethren.

On this account I was sad for two or three days, and scarcely able to eat or sleep. It was as though God had caused me to commence first to weep and fast for Hok Chiang. Although at the time others could not understand my true meaning, I did not feel very anxious about that; but I truly wanted to follow God's will, that I might not make any mistake in what I did, that I might boldly trust in his power, and be aided in my weakness, that the work might be a benefit to others, and glorify God.

When we came to the close of the Conference, and the cabinet met for the last time, and the names of all the others were fixed, I did not know where my name was placed. I asked, "Where am I appointed?" No one made reply, and I asked again, "Is it Hok Chiang?" One of the missionaries replied, "Yes; have you just wakened up?" I answered, "Yes; I have awakened; my heart is at peace; I know this is God's will."

I at once went up to my family in Ku-cheng, and gladly made my preparations for leaving, and moved to Hok Chiang in the eleventh month (December, 1879). The Ku-cheng mem-

bers did not understand that I was this year to be removed from the district, as my time was not up. When about to start, members from all the circuits, and the preachers, came to bid me good-bye. The members and preachers of the English Church also came to see me off. There were also a great many of the heathen neighbors, who started at an early hour of the day, and collected before the church-door to say good-bye. Some of the preachers went with me some miles on the way.

After my arrival on the Hok Chiang District, I met the sons of Ling Ching Ting, and spoke to them about my dream of seeing their father, and said, I supposed it meant that my work was soon to be finished. They said, No, that was not the meaning at all; it was that I was called to the Hok Chiang District. [Brother Ling Ching Ting spent his last days on a circuit of this district, and lies buried there; hence they believed he wanted Yong Mi to come there.]

From Chwi Kan I took boat to Foochow, and in a few days after my arrival Mr. Baldwin departed for the United States, at the same time that I took a boat and went down with my family to the anchorage on my way to Hok Chiang. Unfortunately my boat was slow, and his fast; so I could not keep up. My boat anchored on one side of the river, and his on

the opposite side. I stood a long time on the prow of the boat watching the light at the mast-head of his vessel, which was all I could see. The next night I reached the Church at Hok Chiang City.

Although that house was old, and the cooking vessels broken, and there were only a few pieces of old furniture, we all said that this was better than the stable and manger in which the Savior rested when born on earth, and better also than the little house in which I formerly lived.

In a few days I started out on my first round of quarterly-meetings. I found the members everywhere glad to receive me, and they treated me with much kindness. I thank God, my Heavenly Father, that he gave me the aid of the Holy Spirit to comprehend the true conditon of affairs on this my first visit among the people. I was granted the power of the Holy Ghost, enabling me to know how to do work in the hearts of the people, so that they became freed from many of their improprieties, and soon I had evidence of a great victory. I had one proof of the Spirit's power in inducing many of those who had set up independently to return to the fold of the Church.

During the first quarter, I was with Mr. Chandler at the Keng Kiang quarterly-meeting.

There were nearly two hundred persons present; some were baptized and received into the Church, and some of the independents returned. In the afternoon, unexpectedly the pastor of the Ha-ü Church, Ting Ka Sing, came in. I wondered at this, and said, "To-day is the Sabbath; what important thing has brought you here?" He sighed, and said: "I was impelled to come by the ignorant members of my charge. They said, 'If a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath-day, will you not pull it out?' Seeing that what they said appeared reasonable, I consented to come."

The object of his coming was to say that, on account of the wreck of a vessel a few days before, the cargo had been carried off by the people of the various villages, and the owners, unwilling to lose their property, had brought in complaints to the officers, and they had sent soldiers to seize the parties, and require restoration. Consequently the people were all running away. The officers took advantage of the occasion, and imposed on many who had no part in the unlawful business.

On the An Ngoi class of the Ha-ü Circuit, one local preacher, Ing Kü Kwok, had been included among those who were to be seized, and that day the soldiers were to be at his house, and arrest him, and perhaps burn his house, and

pillage his goods. The whole family was in great sorrow, and having heard that I was there, they had sent to invite me to come and direct them what to do.

When I heard this I was very sad, as I had just arrived in the district, and was unacquainted with the state of things. I did not know whether I ought to go or not. Consequently, I sat quietly praying, saying, "Father, what reply shall I give to those who have come?" The thought which came to me was to weep with those who weep. I then said to him, "To-morrow I will go with you."

When we started the next morning, a few members accompanied us a short distance. One of them said to me in a loud voice: "You must speak to those people, and oppose them with a loud voice, and not use much patience. Your voice is too mild, the people here will not fear you. Now, you must speak loudly and boldly if you expect them to listen to you." I at once turned and answered: "I know how to fight, because I have for a long time had experience in such matters. You need not trouble about this matter; but return to your home, and study the sixth chapter of Ephesians." His meaning was, of course, that I should be like Samson, seizing the foxes, and sending them with lighted tails through the corn.

When we had gone about three miles (ten li) we separated, Mr. Chandler going to the Sing Tong Circuit, and I with Ting Ka Sing to An Ngoi. As we approached, we saw the members from a distance, anxiously awaiting our arrival. When I met them, they said, "We have been longing for your coming as we would for a rain in a drouth." We sat down for a short time, and Ting Ka Sing soon left for Ha-ü, where he lived. Having thus thrown off his burden, he went away with a light heart.

I at once asked the members: "What important business caused you to send your preacher for me on the Sabbath-day? Although I have never met you, I could not refuse to come at your invitation. Do you know for what purpose I have come?"

They answered, "Teacher, you already know that we have met with great trouble, and have most earnestly hoped for relief from you."

When I heard this I was very sad; because they evidently trusted in me more than in God. Therefore, I made them more sad. I said, "Brethren, I am simply a man like yourselves, and can do but little; but in accordance with God's direction I have come to suffer with you in your suffering." When they heard this their faces turned pale, as though they had lost all hope.

Seeing this, I waited awhile, and then said to them: "Although I have thus come to suffer with you, there is help in this for you. I think it often happens that trouble causes distraction, and thus mistakes are likely to be made. I have come to direct you what you ought to do, to prevent your sinning and falling into the trap of the evil one. This is the most important thing. Does this meet your ideas?"

They, feeling compelled to reply in the affirmative, said, "Yes, teacher, your coming is for good; but the officers' business is very urgent, and we want you to plan for us, that we may be able to get out of this trouble."

"O," said I, "this is what you want, is it? You know that since I was called to the ministry in my youth (some twenty years ago), I have taken in hand only the Lord's work, and I am acquainted with nothing else. If I am able, I shall be happy to assist you; but as to planning official business only, my Father knows how to do that. He has the power, because he is by right a high military General. If he is but willing to assist you, all these soldiers will certainly flee away at once. It is unfortunate that you did not before inform me, that I might have sent for him."

When they heard this, they stood and looked wonderingly at each other. "We have, indeed,

heard that your father was a military official, but thought he was dead; and is he then living?"

Seeing that they did not understand me, I said: "My Father not only can do this; if he speaks but one word, the winds and waves of the sea would be still. Do you see these heavens and earth? They are the handiwork of my Father. He can do all things. All enemies must humble themselves under his feet. This one is my Father. Do you know him?" They all laughingly replied, "Yes, yes!" I divined their thoughts. "Does he think that in this time of danger we have asked him here to preach to us? What kind of a man is he?" I then said: "Do you not now know my Father? What do you call him?"

They replied, of course, "We also call him Father."

Now, I spoke quite loudly, saying: "You dare say you also do (call him Father)! Where is your faith in him? You often say he is almighty, all-wise, and omnipresent, and that all power in heaven and earth belongs to him; but to-day you have met with trial, and why then do you not put your trust in him, instead of trusting in man? This is truly insulting and displeasing to God. I know that you have been believing the Word for more than ten years; but you have

not grown. You have thus deceived yourselves. You think God is far off from you, because you are sunk in the affairs of the world, and separated from God by sin, which makes you blind, so that you can not see God. I now hope that God will cause this danger to awaken you. If so, it will be well. Now you are to see God's power manifested, that you may know that he is very near to us all, and always is with his children. To-day he will strengthen your faith, advancing from faith to greater faith, because I am God's servant, the preacher he has sent. Now, I have come to you, repent immediately of all your sins. I will first pray that your sins may be forgiven, and perchance you may be saved from this danger you fear."

They at once wept, and confessed some of their sins. They said that for a long time they had not prayed, and confessed several other shortcomings. When they had finished, I said, "Is there anything else?"

They said, "Nothing else."

I immediately knelt with the whole family in prayer. I then received direction from God, as though characters were written plainly on my heart: First, that their sins were forgiven; second, that their property would not be taken away; third, that the officers would do nothing. The first two I understood, but the third was not

quite clear to me. Whether they would come and harm nothing, or whether they would not come, I could not determine.

I at once arose from my knees, and told the Christians the answer I had received: "God has heard the prayers of his servant, and has saved you. Now, you should be strong in faith, and go to your daily work in peace."

Not long after a person came and informed them that the soldiers at Ha-ü said they were about to start to their village, and he had come to inform them that they might flee in time. Then in great trepidation they came to me saying, "The officers are about to come; what shall we do?" I replied: "Why do you still doubt? I have already told you. Do you think what I have said was a lie just to comfort you? Truly it is not. This was certainly God's direction. Do you not believe? If what I said to you is not fulfilled, you will certainly hereafter say that I am not a preacher sent of God, but a false prophet.

"Now," I continued, "I expect to be in Hok Chiang a few years. It is not as though I were to tell you a thing to-day and run away so you could not find me. If this is not true, and I preach the gospel to you, after this how can I expect you to believe me? I have decided to remain here until next Monday, and see God's promises

fulfilled, and then go my way. You should have strong faith, and not doubt."

They then seemed to awake, and said: "Is it really thus? We thought that you were just saying this to comfort us, because in former years the Christians at Teng Ngiang were in trouble, and the preacher said to them, 'Do not fear, no harm will come;' but they suffered terribly. We thought what you said was just the same. Now you have clearly said this is of God, and we must fully believe and do as you say."

That same evening a relative came and told them a great many frightful things to start fears in their minds; and they came to me again, but scarcely dared at once speak to me about it. After a little delay they introduced the subject by some illustration: "We hear that the soldiers will not come to-day, but will certainly come to-morrow. Now suppose they do come to-morrow, have you any other method to meet them?"

I said, "What do you want me to do?"

They said, "If the soldiers come we want you to go and see the officer."

I said: "Why do you still fear? Is there still some sin you have not fully confessed? I have said all I have to say to you. If there is anything else, it will be when God gives me other words for you; but now I have nothing more to

say. Do not trouble me any more. It is now late; let us all go to sleep."

They all went out, and I felt troubled lest the unbelievers should not receive the promised blessing. If they did not obtain it, my words would have been in vain; and how serious must be the consequences! I decided then to pray all night, and ask God again to direct me. Immediately upon kneeling down, I again received, as it were, characters written plainly as before on my breast, saying: "What you have asked for them, I have promised to give them. What I promised to-day shall not fail in the least particular." With great rejoicing I jumped up and went to bed and slept.

The next morning the brethren came and gently opened the door twice. I asked, "Who is it?"

They said, "Teacher, are you not up yet?"

I said, "What is it?"

They said, "A man has come to say that the officers and soldiers are surely coming."

I spoke out loudly, and motioning with my hand, said: "No! No! Last night I was sad lest your lack of faith might cause you to fail of the promise; but after you were gone I again prayed, and again received the assurance from the Father that he would fulfill what he had promised, and surely give his sustaining grace.

Now you should go in peace to your work, and not give yourselves any more trouble."

They said, "Yes, we ought to believe."

Not long after, however, their relatives and friends came, urging them to move their things and flee. This they did several times, distressing them much.

They said, "If we do not go ourselves, should we not move our things?"

I replied: "I have said all I have to say, and can say nothing more now. If you want to move and run away, it is your own business, and you must bear the responsibility. I will have nothing to with it, because I have not received any such directions from God."

One of the brethren then said: "I have decided to obey God, and will not move or run away. If the soldiers come to carry my things away, I am willing to let them go."

I asked the other brethren whether they were of the same mind, and fully decided. They spoke out and answered in a loud voice, "Yes!"

I then said, "This is well; go in peace."

From this time the brethren were happy and restful. I then made the adjoining villages the subject of prayer. I already had faith that all would be relieved from trouble or loss. In the evening, and every evening after prayer,

I asked the brethren, "Where is the desolation you have feared?" They all with thankfulness to God replied, "Surely God is manifestly present in power, stirring us up and driving away our ignorance, increasing our faith."

The head of the family, Kaih Kwok, exhorted his family, saying: "How near God is to us! Now we ought, with devout reverence, to pray to God with increasing faith. We should in all things trust in God, and not in men."

On Saturday, Mr. Chandler came there to attend the quarterly-meeting; and on Monday, as we were about to start for Ha-ü Circuit, I first heard the sound of cannon; and the brethren all came saying, "This morning at daylight all the soldiers left, and none of the adjoining villages have been visited by them."

When I heard this I was very glad, and thanked the Heavenly Father that he had shown such a great favor to his people, thus delivering them from all harm. I then said to Kaih Kwok and the others, "Now you ought to accept my faith;" and Mr. Chandler added, "You may leave your faith here with them;" and we bade them good-bye and went on our journey.

The members at Ha-ü were ready waiting our arrival. On Wednesday we returned to Këng Kiang, as the examination of the schools there had not been completed. When I arrived

there, none of them asked me anything (about matters), lest I should reprove them. They moved quietly about, and in their hearts trusted in God's method, knowing that I had trusted alone in prayer to God, and had come off victorious in the contest; and from this many were deeply moved, and God's power was wonderfully manifested in the hearts of the people.

From this time when the Church members met with trouble everywhere, I asked, "What do you want me to do for you?" They generally replied, "We only want you to pray for us." To which I responded, "Amen!"

During one quarter I made a visit to Hai Tan, and on my way home stopped at Ngin Sen. I noticed that the people were very attentive to the preaching of the gospel. I decided to take the responsibility of renting a small house, at a rent of little more than two dollars a year; some furniture included cost six dollars. I at once informed the local assistant at Tang Ching Ngwong, and asked him to go to that place, because he was best acquainted with the people there.

Again, when on the Island of Hai Tan, I heard of the case of a fisherman who was in his own village the leader of the idol-worshipers. This year he had gone everywhere soliciting subscriptions for building the temple to the Five

Rulers of pestilence. He and his wife and children, four in all, were taken sick of fever and dysentery, called Ngu-ta (Five Rulers) sickness. The elder son died, and the relatives thought, "The Ngu-ta ought to have protected this man, and why was he taken away by them?" They then went to consult the idol as to the cause of this. The evil spirit, which was the Ngu-ta in the one inquired of, replied that the man had swindled the people by appropriating some of the money he had collected. They then went and examined the accounts, and found he had not done this. The sick man, hearing this, was very angry, saying, "Will the Ngu-ta themselves also lie about me?"

There were three of them very ill, and growing worse, speaking wildly as they lay on their beds. The relatives, fearing lest Ngu-ta would seize them, dared not come near to take care of the sick ones. The head man, who was sick, had a dream, in which he saw a great many fierce wild animals, which frightened him greatly. Suddenly he saw two persons dressed in long blue gowns; and the animals on their coming fled.

The next day, two preachers, Ung Kwong Koi and Ting Ching Ngwong, came to the village on a preaching tour, and hearing of the sad distress of this family, went to see them. When they

entered the house and saw the head man lying on the bed, they called to him to awake. He looked up, and asked who they were. They replied, "We are preachers of the doctrine of Jesus." The man at once jumped up from his bed, and felt that his sickness had left him. This was what he saw in his dream of the previous day; the two dressed in blue were the two preachers of the gospel. The son and wife lay sick in the back room; and they called out, "Son, son! do not come to harm us!" The preacher at once went in and prayed for them, and they were both restored from that hour.

The preparations had been made for sending out the dragon boats in pursuance of a promise the man had made to the Ngu-ta, as is customary when people are very ill; and this often at great expense. The man said to the preachers, "Do away with all these things." The neighbors dared not touch the things to take them away (for fear of the idol), so the preachers did it with their own hands; and after some instruction, the whole family decided to become Christians, and they were still members of the Church.

The neighbors wondered greatly at this thing; and after this, persons frequently came from all directions, asking the preachers to pray for them, and many became inquirers after

the truth. Among the believers were Taoist priests and exorcists, who burned their books, and believed on the Lord. In a short time it became very convenient for the preachers to go out on preaching tours, as there were members at most of the villages where they could find a place to spend the night.

When we first rented a chapel at Tang Tau, there were many troubles constantly arising; but, thank the Lord, other doors were now opened everywhere for the preaching of the gospel. In two years after we rented at Tang Tau, they were able to subscribe several hundred dollars toward building a church, waiting for aid from the Missionary Society. Since I left I learn that they have erected a church at each of these places. The members are very zealous and happy, and I hope they may ever be the light of this island. At times they are set upon by the heathen, and their things taken ; but they bear it patiently. They are very diligent in caring for their preachers, and subscribing for all Church purposes. I made eight visits to the island, and saw many things to give me comfort and encouragement.

Three or four weeks after this, I went to Sing Tong, Yong Ping, and Keng Tan, to dedicate churches at these three places. When I arrived at Ngü Cheng Church, thirty li from Hok Chiang

City, I met a number of the official members of several circuits assembled there. I asked them why they had come together there at that time. They all sighed, saying: "The drouth is very great, and the state of things deplorable. We all knew that you would reach here to-day, so we have assembled purposely to wait for your arrival, and ask you to pray for rain."

I asked, "Why have you waited until this time, when the circumstances here are so bad? Why have you not been praying? You yourselves can pray."

They replied, "We have been praying; but there is still no rain." I answered: "Jesus said, 'O ye of little faith, why do you still doubt? How long a time shall I be with you?'" I added, "I shall be with you here for three days, to meet for prayer."

We decided to commence the next morning, and send word to the members on all the circuits to meet in their respective chapels, to examine their hearts, confess their sins, fast and pray. Perchance God would have mercy on them, and answer their petitions. They all assembled on the three succeeding days each morning and evening, and at the end of the time the heavens were dark, and the rain fell for the next three days and three nights. All were very glad, and gave thanks to God. I

afterwards heard that people outside knew of our having prayed for rain at the church, and when they passed by the church they turned towards it and said, "This rain has come because the Christians met there and prayed."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

AS an illustration of the condition of the people, I will relate a little experience on one of my pastoral visitations. The Poh Mwo members invited me to visit them, and I went. When I entered the premises, I noticed that the people lived in the greatest confusion and filth, with the cows, chickens, pigs, etc., sleeping in the same apartments with them. The smell of the animals and their offal was so strong that it made my head ache.

The preacher, Ü Lien E, was there, and I spoke to them all about living in such a manner. "Although you have been Christians," I said, "these many years, living thus among the animals, I fear your natures will degenerate, and you become like them."

The preacher laughed, and replied, "Not only do they sleep here among the animals; but at night they sleep with the animals tied to them with ropes."

I asked why.

They replied, "The people work very hard in the day-time, and sleep so soundly at night,

that if they did not do so, the thieves, who are very numerous, would steal the cattle."

I remarked that living in such a condition, it would seem that they would not much fear being cast into the sea with a millstone about their necks. When they heard this, they laughed again. I replied to myself, saying, "These people, made in the image and likeness of God, are, through sin, brought to such depths of wretchedness."

In the summer-time this filth produces manifold diseases, causing the people to go everywhere to beseech the idols to cure them; and to them they make many vows, often squandering all their money, and even their property, in this way. On account of these various diseases the people came from all directions to ask the preachers to pray for them; and in the summer-time, when there is the most sickness, the number of inquirers increases greatly. From this gradually the gospel becomes more and more widely made known. Some of them, after they are relieved of their illness, make vows, and give considerable sums of money towards building churches. This is considered a natural result, as evidence of their sincerity, the same as when they worship the idols. Thus God's methods for saving the people are numerous and varied in different places.

In the year 1882, in the middle of the seventh month, I received a letter saying that my mother was sick. I hurried home, and she was much pleased to see me. I felt an inward sadness for her, realizing that she had not yet received the clear evidence of the pardon of her sins, and that she was anxious about this. I at once said, "Have you yet heard the Savior's voice saying distinctly, 'Your sins are forgiven?'"

She sighed deeply, and wept, saying, "I earnestly long to hear this; but my sins are so great that, although I have prayed for it, I have not as yet received an answer."

I replied, "I will now pray for you, and God will answer this thirst, and with a voice from heaven give a reply to your prayer."

She said, "Can this be?"

I replied, "Surely it can be?"

I at once bowed at the bedside, and after I had prayed, I went in search of a Bible. I brought it, and asked her what book it was.

She said, "God's Book."

I said, "Yes."

I at once opened it, requesting her to look at it word by word, and asked her whose words these were.

She replied, "God's, Jesus Christ's, words."

To which I replied, "They truly are."

I said, "Although you believe this, and have heard the ministers preach, and you have read it; did you then think it God speaking directly to you?"

When she heard me speaking thus, she was deeply moved, and said: "Why am I so stupid? God have mercy on me!"

I said: "The Lord will have mercy on you? Now God is about to speak to you; give careful attention to his voice."

I then read 1 John i, 9, where it says, "If we confess our sins," etc. I then stopped for a moment, and looked about on the bystanders, and said to each of them: "Are you sorry for your sins? Do you truly repent?"

"No."

I then turned to mother, and said: "You are truly sorry for your sins, and realize that you have sinned against God, and God speaks only to you. The next word gives a precious promise of forgiveness to those who repent. Now, listen: 'God is faithful and just to forgive you your sins, and to cleanse you from all unrighteousness.' Now, mother, you should open your heart, and with outstretched hands receive this free gift of forgiveness! Do not look at yourself, nor your sins; but look at Jesus, who hung upon the cross, and shed his precious blood to wash away your sins."

When she heard this she was filled with joy, and wept with many tears, saying: "I never before heard the Scriptures thus explained. I thank God with all my heart for his great salvation." From this time she was daily filled with rejoicing, until the ninth month, when the Conference had assembled at Foochow, on the morning of the 23d day. After Brother Sing Mi and I had bowed beside her bed and prayed, her soul departed in peace. She was seventy-six years of age.

Our beloved Bishop Bowman was here at the time, and, with the whole Conference, attended the funeral. He was deeply impressed by the solemn occasion, and manifested much emotion.

Resuming my district work at Pwan Tan, a class on the Ngü Cheng Circuit, there was a man there named Ting Ẹú Hok. One evening a theater performer was killed in his village. The murderer ran away, and they did not know who he was; but the responsibility for the act rested upon the people of the village, according to the native custom. The constable sent out runners at once to search for and seize the murderer. They went everywhere imposing upon and insulting the people; and any one who would refuse to give them money was denounced as the thief. This was indeed a sad condition of things.

This member, Ting Eú Hok, was one of the well-to-do residents of the village, and of course feared the oppressions of the runners more than others, and was very sad. He was formerly a very poor man, but a zealous member of the Church. His circumstances improved, and he loaned quite a sum of money to complete the church they were building. After a few years, the members failed to pay back the money he had advanced, and he felt offended at them. He withdrew from the Church, and not having been present at any of the quarterly-meetings, I did not know him.

When he met with his trouble, I happened to be at Sing Tong, holding the quarterly-meeting. I was detained there in that small, dark chapel for a few days; so I did not at once go on to the Ngü Cheng Circuit. The people there were anxiously looking for me, but I did not come; so this brother sent his younger brother for me with a sedan chair, and told me all about the trouble. This brother's name was Eú Ki. I asked him how he wanted me to assist them.

He replied: "Teacher, we want you to pray for us." I said, "Is this all?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Well; you know what you ask; may God grant you his grace."

I also said: "You and your brother, when

poor, were zealous in the service of God, and the Lord bestowed upon you the blessing of worldly goods; but unfortunately your hearts have not increased in thankfulness, but become filled with worldliness. This is a dangerous condition, and a great sin. Now, I hope this thing will awaken you that you may know that the riches of this world are not to be trusted in. You should lay up your treasures in heaven, for in earth the moth corrupts and the thieves steal. The covetous and wicked runners are about to come and carry away your worldly goods, to waste them in gambling and opium-smoking. Which is the better way? You should now vow before God diligently to live godly lives and do good, and to your utmost power faithfully fulfill the commands of the Bible to the end."

He replied, "Yes."

I then kneeled down and prayed with him and the others present. When we had prayed, I felt the Holy Spirit moving me to speak to him, and said, "God has heard my prayer in your behalf, and will save you; do you know it?"

He replied, "Yes."

I said again: "The trouble you fear has indeed ended, and will not come again to you. You should know that to-day, here in this little,

old, dilapidated house, the Lord has surely saved you. Do you truly believe this?"

He answered, "Yes."

I said, "You should recall these words." I asked him this question three times, and each time he replied, "Yes." I also repeated it that he should remember the words; for I thought he did not feel deeply the meaning of the occasion, or the words spoken; and finally, when pressed with repeated questions as to whether he understood what I had said, he said nothing.

I then said: "I fear you Hok Chiang Christians do not fully believe in prayer and its power with God. When this trouble has passed over, you will doubtless think it a matter of small importance or simply good-fortune that you were saved, and will not remember that the result came from the manifestation of God's power in the little old house (chapel). I fear, if you think only thus, that you will not be long at peace, and will soon and easily be drawn away by the ridicule of others. For this reason I asked you three times, and urged you to remember those words; because every word I spoke to you was of the Holy Ghost, and very true, and will be fulfilled; do you now understand? When I come to you the next quarter, I shall surely ask you where your salvation at this time came from."

He answered, "I now understand, and will go home thankfully." I went with him as far as Ngü Cheng Chapel, and there he left me for home.

In a few days the magistrate ordered the corpse of the theater performer who had been murdered to be taken up, and the runners were not allowed to impose upon and get money from the people as usual, and thus ended the matter; and all the villages had peace. I think the people were all glad, of course, but they did not know to thank God for deliverance; but we know that the Lord not only saved the member, but all the other villagers from trouble, so that not one was disturbed. In this, God's boundless grace exceeded the limit of our prayers, and I was more and more rejoiced, and thanked God on behalf of the members and all the others.

Before the time of the next quarterly-meeting, the members sent their preacher, Ting Neng Chiek, to Hok Chiang to say to me, "Teacher, the words you spoke at Sing Tong are clearly remembered by us, and we often talk about them. We truly believe that our salvation came from your prayers in the little old house there."

At the following quarterly-meeting, Brother Eú Hok invited the people to hold the meetings in his house; and on Monday after, gladly canceled the old debt owed him by the Church. I

then said, "Now you should lay up your treasure in heaven, and never forget this experience."

At another time, at the close of a quarterly-meeting on Hai Tan, I took a boat from Ngin Len home to Hok Chiang. When darkness came on we were some distance from Hai Kan, and the tide was running out. The anchor should have been cast out, but was not, and the boat of its own accord went on and reached Hai Kan. The boatmen were in great amazement, and said, "We have been boating these many years, but never before knew a boat to know the channel itself." When we had reached the landing, I was about to go ashore. The captain insisted upon my remaining, as it was very dark, some rain falling, and the way very muddy. He said, "The inn is dirtier than our boat, and if you will accept of our accommodations, we will be glad to keep you over night and have you preach."

I agreed to this, and had my things brought into the boat again. They said, "You need not use your clean bedding, lest you get it soiled in our dirty boat; we have a clean bed for you." I consented, and they gladly provided a supper for me that evening. After eating, I preached to them, and they listened attentively, and seemed to understand, and we did not get to bed until midnight.

The next morning we discovered that during the night the cover of the boat had been removed and my baggage, with bed and things, stolen. I at once sent for the constable to search for my goods. When he came he said this boat must be kept here, and placed in charge of the officials. I was unwilling that this should be done. While we were thus discussing the matter, multitudes gathered about, and many said that in a boat not a pin could be lost or stolen, and that the boatmen themselves were the ones at fault, and should be held responsible. But I was unwilling, without having made a careful examination of the facts, to let the matter go to the officials, lest the boatman should be seized and imprisoned. I thought the boatman (the captain) was honorable, and I feared he would be falsely accused. I thought it better to wait awhile, until full examination could be made, lest I might afterwards regret my inconsiderate and too hasty action.

I said to the captain, "When the tide favors, you go away, and when outside, examine your men on the boat." I wrote a letter and sent with him to the preacher at Hai Tan, asking him to find out what kind of people these boatmen were, and I started on home.

The people all ridiculed me, saying that I was silly not to speak a word to regain my

baggage, which was worth several tens of dollars, and besides to tell the boat and men to go away. "This," they said, "is a stupid presiding elder." I then went a few li, to the Ngu Tok Chapel, and asked the preacher, Ting Ming Sang, to go and inform the officer of the affair, asking him to search for the thieves, although the boat was gone. He returned answer that, the boat having gone out, there was nothing to be done (the boat and all its belongings would of course be good prey for the yamen leeches, and they would be glad enough for a chance to get so much and do a little for me). Some of the members were also disgusted with me, saying they never saw a presiding elder who would bear so much, when the thieves were so evidently in the boat, to let them go, and then ask us here to go in search of the offenders. I thought to myself, "It is fortunate that the things were my own; for if they had belonged to others, and I had acted in this way, I would have incurred very great hatred from them. They would have said, 'The man does not regard other people's things as being of any account.'"

When I arrived home, my wife asked, "Where is your luggage?"

I replied, "It was stolen by a thief."

She said in reply, "It will certainly be brought back and restored to you."

In a few days the Hai Tan official sent, asking me to make out a list of my goods and their value.

I replied, "Wait a little;" because the Hai Tan preacher had, as yet, sent me no reply, and I did not want to take any further steps until I had heard from him. I prayed that this mystery might be solved; that I might be prevented from doing any wrong, or dealing unjustly with any one.

In a few days the thief stole somebody else's things, and was seized and very badly beaten. The neighbors, thinking this was the man who stole my things, sent for me to come and confront him, and, if he would not confess, hand him over to the proper authorities for punishment. Owing to the numerous calls upon my time in attending the various quarterly-meetings, I could not get away, and did not go.

Later on, the thief ran away to Foochow, and was there recognized and at once handed over to the Hai Wong for punishment. The thief regretted what he had done, and said to his friends, "It was unfortunate that I stole that Christian's things." He directed his friends secretly to go to his home and gather up all of my things, and restore them. No one, however, dared bring the things to me.

Afterwards the Hai Tan preacher sent word

that he had inquired about the captain of the boat and his men, and the replies they gave made many believe the men were guilty of its robbery. I said: "This is an unjust accusation. I have already had true information concerning the matter. I have learned that a noted thief from Sin Tan, named Ting Kank Kank, stole the things, and is now in custody in the Hai Wong's yamen in Foochow, receiving punishment, and is about to be sent to the Min magistrate for further investigation." In a few days the thief was sent to Hok Chiang for trial before the district magistrate. When I heard this, I sent a man to see the thief, and he fully acknowledged the theft, saying: "I am already sorry, and before you sent to ask, I had sent many times to have the things returned; but no one dares to assist me by taking the things. Now I ask you to bear a little longer with me, and I will send again."

When I heard this, I put the matter aside as of small importance, and did nothing more about it. In ten or fifteen days I heard that this thief had broken from prison, and run away with his kia, or wooden collar, manacles and all, and was nowhere to be found.

After about a month the thief brought my things, and secretly placed them before the chapel-door, at Ngu Tak, and the preacher, Ling

Ming Sang, found them and sent them to me by a Church member. This was in direct fulfillment of what my wife said when I first returned home. The unbelievers who heard this were greatly amazed at this return of the things (for the matter had spread everywhere). This matter in all its curious turns was of great profit to all the members. I have since learned that the boat captain and his men have become Christians at Ngin Sen.

The Hok Chiang District, over which I thus traveled for several years, lies on the sea. The people are ignorant and wicked, and often, for a very small reason, they get angry, and utter very evil and blasphemous words, and fighting ensues; and the one who is injured, unwilling to endure it, employs vagabonds to go and seize people belonging to the enemy's village whom they keep in confinement and treat shamefully.

From this the people of one village seize those of another, and they retaliate in the same manner, and thus take revenge on each other, and then they exchange; and if one party has no prisoner to exchange, a large amount of money is necessary to ransom those held prisoners. Thus each stirs up the other to anger, and whole villages go forth with their firearms and engage in the conflict. The neighboring villages come from every direction to witness

the fight, as though it were a theater, and unfortunately take pleasure in this sad spectacle. After the battle, parties are killed, houses are torn down, the crops destroyed, and destruction carried to the utmost extent of the power of the victors, and both parties do all they can to harm each other.

After this the matter is carried to the officers for litigation and settlement. Usually the parties who are charged with killing before the officers are not the ones who really committed the deed, but some noted or wealthy persons in the village, or the only sons of well-to-do families. The amount of money used in these village broils and lawsuits is beyond calculation, as the officers, runners, and mediators use the opportunity to make money out of the trouble.

The parties or family to which the persons killed belonged, must press their suit and urge the officials to arrest the parties charged. The officer sends a great many runners to try to catch the man, or get the people to deliver him up. The parties charged then go and hire poor and miserable persons for the purpose, and hand them over, saying, "These are the persons."

They answer, "These are not the ones."

But the opposite party insist that they are; and the persons thus coming forward openly acknowledge that they are the offenders.

The officers, of course, know that these are not the real offenders; but after a cursory examination, they hand them over for imprisonment, and order some persons of note to act as mediators. The matter thus gradually settles down and cools off. The vagabonds are, however, all the more bold, as no one will bring charges against them, because they have no money, and their lives are not of sufficient consequence for any one to care to meet the expense of a lawsuit against them.

Thus it happens that they lie in wait along the roadside to seize people and hold them for a ransom. They treat the parties they seize in the most outrageous manner—beat them severely with rods of iron or bamboo, tie them up with ropes, fasten their feet in stocks, and try to compel them to write a letter to friends for money for their ransom. (On one occasion, when I was at Siek Këng, a Church member, named Siek Chiong Kong, was thus seized and maltreated.)

The vagabonds often assemble in a body just after dark, and fall upon a village and carry away the property, such as pigs, cows, chickens, and even persons, if they can get hold of any one; and almost nightly the people of the small villages are thus distressed, and call in agony for help from their neighbors. If complaints

are made to the officers, it is difficult to get anything done to punish the offenders; for the underlings will come and extort money from them before doing anything, thus adding to their wretchedness.

There is another kind of vagabonds; namely, servants of the tax-collectors. They always impose on the small villages, and even after the taxes are all paid, they demand more money. If no money is given them, they cut themselves on their faces or elsewhere with bits of broken bowls or glass, and go back to the officer and say, "I was attacked and cut in this manner by the people while collecting the taxes." Thus the people are compelled to give a great amount of money to these vampires. This is called a heinous offense against the representative of the officials.

The manager of the tax-office sends out each year branches, and establishes a stall or counter in each neighborhood or large village for the payment of the taxes. I urged the Christians promptly to pay their dues and thus prove they were good subjects or people. They answered, "We have already offered to pay the taxes, but the collectors are unwilling to receive them." I wondered at this, and could hardly believe that those who had come on purpose to collect would not take it when offered.

The explanation of it was, that they said they must wait until the whole village was ready to come at one time and pay them. But of course there were in the village poor people, and some property, the owners of which had died, and it was impossible for all to be ready at one time.

From this it came to pass that a custom was established of the whole village paying an extra sum to buy off the officials. If the whole sum is not forthcoming within a specified time for receiving the taxes, the matter is reported to the officials as a serious offense against the taxes, and soldiers are sent to punish the people. Then the people are not only compelled to pay this extra squeeze money, but must pay money for the soldiers' traveling expenses. Thus it naturally follows that the people are very poor. It is as if a tiger ate all the meat from a body, leaving only the bones.

In the Hok Chiang District, as well as elsewhere, there are in most villages some Church members, and it is difficult to avoid being mixed up in these troubles. Besides this may be mentioned the matters of money for idol processions, repairing graves and ancestral halls; and the sea-land is refused them, as well as other properties. The strong impose upon the weak; three impose upon two, and two impose upon one; the rich impose upon the poor, the great

upon the mean. The members are generally uneducated, and when they get into trouble they know not how to manage; hence, in every little thing they must come and consult their preacher. If a preacher there does not take pity on them, and examine into their affairs, the right in their cases can not be gained, and it is difficult to raise them from their degradation and bring them up to the Spirit's guidance; and we can not get near to these poor people. They listen to the deep spiritual truths preached as though they were afar off. To me it seems the Savior did not, in his plan to save men, come only half way down from heaven, but became the friend of sinners.

The meaning of this is very deep. The Lord has given us all some degree of wisdom, and we should use our best judgment and all methods to save all classes of the people. If we sow the good seed even in the rich earth, when we have not cleared out the stones and the weeds, it will not be likely to prosper. How then can we, under these difficulties, bear the heavy burden of bringing this people to Christ? Thank God who has given us superhuman power and wisdom to meet all these difficulties!

Sometimes we can help the people by addressing to the officials a statement of the facts in the case; and I am thankful to say that in

most instances where I have appealed to the officials they have shown a great willingness to do the right thing by our people. We may hope that these bad customs and disturbances will erelong pass away, and the condition of the Church improve. Thus the members may, through trust in the Lord, be settled in the faith, and their heathen neighbors be led to respect the Church, and the vagabonds and disturbers will vanish. By what power may this be accomplished? Whenever I hear of these serious troubles I always tremble, and realize how weak and unable I am to do anything.

During the four years I was in the Hok Chiang District I did not trouble the consul once, and did not present many of these various difficulties to the missionaries; but exhorted the brethren to join with me in earnest prayers and tears before God, trusting entirely in his presence and omnipotence in all worldly and spiritual matters, thus manifesting the hand of God among the people, that they might fully believe and give God the glory.

It was thus that with these preachers and official members we gained the victory, and obtained joyful harvest. During each year there were received into the Church and baptized over a hundred adults; and they made advance in all the collections, and were not in debt. If the

preachers' money was behind I went and assisted them in bringing it up, that they need not be worried about it.

In several places we erected churches by the assistance received from Rev. John F. Goucher. We had no trouble in these places except at Siek Këng Tan. All were very patient and prayed, and when I arrived at Këng Tan I heard that the village elders were waiting to call upon me. Before they came I sent for them to come, and thus withdrew and ended the trouble; God's power had already gained the victory. In the city we built a church, the money being furnished by the Missionary Society. The people were planning a great disturbance because the gentry and the Lieng Kak were determined that we should not succeed. Thank God that he guided me so that I knew how to use good methods in order to overthrow their evil designs. I scarcely exerted myself at all, when they changed so that peace was restored. When the matter came to light, I thought the affair was remarkable, and wondered at the outcome. I realized that the deep and wondrous wisdom and power of God was beyond our full comprehension.

There are, of course, those in the Church who, from their ignorance and bad disposition, give trouble and cause confusion. In attempting to change such persons, and bring them to

a faith in Christ, I dare not do so in my own strength, but offer them something better in exchange; and thus they will not become displeased or angry, or revile one. I thank the Heavenly Father that, whatever he has directed me to do, I have fully completed it; and hope the Lord will strengthen and establish the faith of the people, that they may know the height, depth, length, and breadth of the love of Christ; and their faith not be at last in vain. I know that there are some who are experienced in this battle, and are already in the way of victory. But they need not put their trust in any particular person for help; therefore, I find great peace.

My four years being up, I was glad to take my appointment, and leave the Hok Chiang District. Many wondered at me, thinking that I was an unfortunate and unhappy person, not finding joy in my work. Both in Ku Chiang and Hok Chiang, just as I had completed those large central churches, I was taken away, without getting the benefit of them, thus working for others as though a slave. Many feeling this, came and spoke to me about it. This only gave me greater joy and peace. I answered, "For this I thank the Heavenly Father, and count it a great favor he has granted me in thus permitting me to follow in the footsteps of Jesus." This is my true desire.

In the year 1883 there was much trouble in the Conference, and the Lord sent Bishop Merrill to Foochow. His example, words, and actions, his coolness and deliberation, showed a broad heart and great experience. His words were few; but his manner moved people beyond what they could think; so that all could not help continuing to remember him. He loved us very much, and took the greatest pains in making the appointments (which it was very hard to do satisfactorily to all parties). He appointed me to the Hinghwa District. I was pleased, thinking perhaps I should go from there to heaven, as I was then very sick, and perhaps nearing my death. I was anxious to use this decaying body to follow out the path before me.

I reached Hinghwa with my family, and when I saw the members, I found them all quiet. With the preachers, however, there seemed generally to be a state of fear and doubt, weakness and lack of zeal. They appeared to have allowed the wind of self-support to drive them as Paul was driven, into the sea of Adria; and had prepared their boats for leaving the ship. As to the state of things among the people, there were everywhere many temples and monasteries, and many, both men and women, were Vegetarians. The very worst people were often the most devoted Vegetarians.

As they believed that the rejection of meat was meritorious, and would make up for their sins, therefore they sinned with the greatest impunity.

The people were divided into two factions, known as white and black, from their carrying flags of those colors as banners when they went out to fight. In former years the thieves and robbers were very numerous, and fighting was more common than now. The officers punished them once, after which they subsided to some extent, so that the state of things is much as in the Hok Chiang District.

The pressure on the Christians to compel them to pay money for idolatrous purposes is greater than anywhere else. I noticed that on the Kongsa Circuit, the people waited until the crops of the Christians were about ready for harvest, when they sent a party with their knives and spears, and took the crops by force. Formerly they did this by night; but later they grew more bold, and did it openly, seeing the Christians had no redress.

At one time the members there moved away, and formed a village composed entirely of Christians; but even this attempt to get rid of oppression was foiled by their wily neighbors. Unfortunately, when I reached there, I could not speak the dialect or understand that lan-

guage. The members seemed thirsting everywhere to hear me, and I promised them I would speak; so I used the Foochow dialect twisted a little, and when I was through, I perceived that they did not understand much. I then said to them, "How will that do for Hinghwa language?"

When they heard this they laughed, and answered, "We can all understand, except the Sien Nien and the Tai ya."

The former stands for chu niong, and the latter for nü kiang (women and children) in the Foochow dialect. So great is the difference. The women are usually very earnest, and ask some member to translate for them. I generally had Brother Ling Ming Chiong to accompany me on the district as interpreter, and I had to thank him for a great deal of assistance in my weakness and sea-sickness.

At the time of the French invasion I was on the Kia Sioh Circuit, with the Kang Paek class, holding the quarterly-meeting. On Monday I decided to go to Pwo Hia, Lanyit, and the other places; but the members did all they could to dissuade me and prevent my going. They said: "At present the thieves and robbers are everywhere, carrying on their depredations much worse than usual. This time you must certainly not go."

Seeing their persistence, I said, "I am not going into any such dangerous places as you speak of, you may rest assured of it."

They wondered at this, and said, "Where are you going?"

I said, "I am going to Ma tai Mwi (the End of Matthew)—do you know that road?—because there is great peace there."

They did not know what I meant. After waiting a while they seemed to understand a little, and said, "May the Lord be with you and preserve you!"

Brother Ming Chiong was unwilling to part from me, as also two or three members; and they went with me over the dangerous roads on the district. Although we met with robbers several times, we experienced no harm. We saw them disturbing others, but they did not come after us. Thanks to God for his promise to be with us and protect us! I felt a perfect assurance in my mind that we could go on without harm, and I felt a much greater peace of mind while thus on the way in the line of duty than when sitting still anywhere, and hearing the alarming reports which were constantly coming in. And in all these things the promise Jesus gave in the last verse of Matthew, to be with me to the end, was fully fulfilled. These words are our rock of strength.

Unfortunately my strength began soon to fail, and at the end of one year I was obliged to leave the district, and was removed to Foochow, and put in charge of the Tieng Ang Tong Circuit. The Lord knew that I was already unable to preach. The English physicians, Drs. Adam and Rennie, had pity on me in my weakness, and did all they could for me. The trustees of the Tong Chin Hospital, Mr. Smyth and Mr. Shaw, also recommended me to enter the hospital to look after the sick. As I could not preach, there seemed to be no other way than to follow the doctors' advice, and try and take care of myself. My support was promised me from the hospital; and, of course, as I could not preach, I could not feel satisfied to receive the money subscribed by the members.

For these reasons I went to the hospital, and had charge of the Tieng Ang Tong Church, doing more or less, as I was able.

While in the hospital, I felt the time hang heavily on my hands, so that a month seemed like a year. I always asked my Heavenly Father what he would have me do in the hospital, and did not receive a distinct reply or direction.

I thought, however, and said to myself: "You think your work is done, do you, and only want to go to heaven and rest? I fear you ex-

hort others too much, and do too little yourself. You have not yet fulfilled the duty of caring for the fatherless and the widow, and now the Heavenly Father gives you this opportunity to make up what you lack in this respect. Thus you may use wordly things to bestow in charity on others, lest when the judgment-day comes you may hear the Savior say, 'I was sick and in prison, and yet you did not minister unto me,' and what answer could you give to his question? Could you say that you had fulfilled your duty?"

I thus felt I could bear patiently to remain in the hospital and await God's command in regard to anything else he might have for me to do.

Through the kindness of Mr. Baldwin, and by letters, I was urged to record the grace and experience of my life for the benefit of others. I was glad to do this with the object of making known God's great mercy to me, lest I should hide my light under a bushel. But I found I was too weak to do much, and my brain seemed unequal to the task, either to take up the pen or to think anything. At times I would, as it were, force myself to think, and after a little while my thoughts would all be gone, or else I would be sicker than before, and I would have to stop for a time. So this matter has been de-

layed, and it has been impossible to do their bidding in this respect promptly. I trust they will be merciful to me, and not be offended that this work has been on hand so long.

It happened fortunately that a young man, Wong King Chiang, who entered the hospital to study medicine, was able to do writing for me; and afterwards I looked over, changed, and corrected what he wrote down, and I thank the Heavenly Father, that he added to my strength sufficiently to enable me to attend to this, and what I have been able to write has been in answer to prayer.

The name of this book I think should be Seng han Ting Ngiang, or "The Way of Faith Illustrated." I have, of course, not given much in detail, and sometimes I fear the meaning will not be clear.

Only last year (1886, April 18th), was I able to finish a complete copy. On the 23d, unexpectedly, a fire broke out in the hospital at eight o'clock in the morning, by which the whole was destroyed. This was sad, indeed; but no one of the sick was burned. I was able to bring out this copy. It seemed strange that on Saturday evening I was at home, not intending to return to the hospital; but for some reason I felt that I ought to go, and as late as nine o'clock went down.

The next morning, when I was just dressed and starting for church, the fire broke out, and I just got this book and left. Had I not gone there for the night, it would have been destroyed.

When the work was complete, the difficulty was to get it translated; and I spoke to Mr. Plumb, and arranged with him about it; but he did not find time at first, and afterwards he was ordered away to Japan for his health.

During the summer I was led to call on Mrs. Cowles, to inquire about King Eng, and in conversation, spoke of some of my experiences, which she said she would like to write; and I said I had been preparing an autobiography at the request of Brothers Baldwin and Goucher. She then offered to translate some of it for me, and the work was commenced and continued until she went home; and Mr. Plumb was able to take it up and complete it. I must also thank Mr. Wilcox for his suggestions and a plan of arrangement of the order in which events should be recorded. I thank all these brethren for their kind aid, and the translation I intrust to my dear Brother Baldwin for correction and use for the good of the Church.

From the time of my appointment here at Foochow I realize that I have met with a great many troublesome and trying things. Although

this has increased my bodily weakness, my heart has not been moved by them. These have caused me to look upon all the things of the world as vanity. As the Bible says, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." I feel all the time as though my soul would fly away, but my time has not yet come. Now faith and patience must be maintained, and Christ's command must be kept until the end, that I may yet glorify him. I pray that the Lord's promise that he will come again and receive me unto himself may be fulfilled to me; and all the glory and power be unto God, the Holy Spirit, and Jesus Christ, unto the end of the world! Amen.

While I am in the world I ask the prayer of all, and send my greetings to all the bishops and ministers of the Church of Christ, and every member of Christ's body, and pray that Christ may recompense all to whom I am indebted in love. Amen.

LAST YEARS OF HÜ YONG MI.

From the Hinghwa presiding eldership Brother Yong Mi was transferred, in 1884, to Foochow, owing to ill-health. He had a year in the pastorate at Ching Sing Tong, after which he went to the hospital. At first he was there for treatment; but after a while it was arranged that he should look after the interests of the patients, and act as "house steward," which office he filled with great acceptability. Dr. T. B. Rennie, the physician, had the utmost confidence in his honesty and disinterestedness, and says he never knew a Chinaman that he could more fully trust. He gained the respect of the patients, and the highest esteem of the Managing Committee, as well as the physicians in charge. His career ended there only with the burning of the hospital in 1886, on which occasion he displayed the utmost self-possession, and succeeded in getting every patient out before he consented to leave the building. He saved nothing of his own.

At this time he was also pastor of Tieng Ang Tong, preaching as often as his health would permit. He was continued pastor of this important charge until he finally took a superannuated

relation in 1890. His health did not improve, and he continued his work in great bodily weakness. Frequently, when Saturday evening came, he felt quite unable to enter upon the Sabbath's work; but his earnest prayer was that he might have strength for another message, and again and again he was specially helped, so he preached with great power; but when the services were over he had to be aided by some one in order to reach his home. His moral influence over the charge was very great, and his interest in the general work never slackened. His counsel and advice were sought by preachers and members from all over the Conference, and his house was a central point for visitors from all parts of the work. To all the varied questions concerning the difficult problems of Church management, he gave most wise advice, and drew largely from his own wide experience through many years during which he had been presiding elder of all the districts in the Conference, and had filled most of the leading appointments.

Consumption had now securely fastened itself upon him, and he suffered great pain in his lungs. His loving wife often urged him not to do so much, saying that the Heavenly Father knew his heart and desire to serve him; but his zeal never abated, and as his strength grew less his earnestness increased. At this time, as presiding

elder of the Foochow District, I was intimately associated with him, and often I sought his advice, and received from him much valuable assistance.

One experience of his at this time is worthy of imitation. On one occasion he heard Brother Wilcox preach on the subject of bad habits, and especially the use of tobacco. This he had never before seen his way clear to give up, but now it appeared plainly his duty. He never hesitated a moment, and at once sent his pipe as a present to Brother Wilcox. It was characteristic of him to do whatever was clearly duty, regardless of what it might cost him.

On one occasion, when complaints were brought against his brother, Hü Sing Mi, and attacks made, as he thought, unjustly, he defended him before the Conference. The prejudice was very strong against his brother, and this noble act cost him many friends, so that his influence in the Conference was much weakened.

At the Conference of 1891, when Bishop Goodsell was present, he finally consented to take the step which he had so long dreaded and postponed, so that now, for the first time, after more than thirty years of active service, his name appears in the superannuate relation.

About this time he was greatly cheered and encouraged by the return of his beloved daughter, King Eng, from the United States, where she

had been for eight years studying medicine. It had often seemed doubtful whether he would ever have the privilege of seeing this daughter again, and her return at this time of declining health was a great comfort to him. With release from labor and the responsibilities of the pastorate, under the loving and intelligent care of his daughter, he at times improved to such an extent that hopes were entertained of his recovery.

One very pleasant event which took place while King Eng was at home was the building of a new and comfortable house in a lovely situation, overlooking the river, where the uninterrupted south breezes made it very cool and comfortable in summer. In this quiet and comfortable retirement it was hoped he might yet enjoy a number of years, and the prospect was such that, at the end of two years, it was decided that his daughter might return to the United States and complete her studies. This was in 1892. Since that time she has graduated from the Medical College of Philadelphia, and will soon return to China to engage in the work to which her life has been consecrated, only to see her father no more on earth.

It was not long after King Eng's return to the United States that Brother Yong Mi's health began again to show signs of complete failure, and

he expressed some regrets that he had consented to her leaving him. His health and strength were variable, the hot weather suiting him best. When King Eng left, the second daughter was at home, and to her and her mother she intrusted her beloved father, confident that he would have good care. He soon became fully reconciled to the absence of his daughter, as he felt that it was for the best. His own work was done, and his comfort was nothing compared with her completing her medical education, and thus preparing herself for a life of usefulness in the Master's cause, in a service which he regarded equally important as the calling of the ministry. In a month after King Eng's departure, the second daughter was also called away, her husband having secured a good position in a bank in Amoy, and it was necessary that she move to that place. This was a heavy blow to him, and he was loath to give her up, but finally he consented, saying: "I have intrusted all my interests into the hands of my Heavenly Father, and all will be well. I will give myself no more trouble about worldly affairs."

He then devoted himself to the careful instruction of his younger children. Although his house was a long distance from the church, he always attended services on Sunday, when possible, and had a regular afternoon service held

at his own house, which was attended by the neighbors and others in considerable numbers.

His new home, as his former one had been, was a center for visitors from all quarters. The preachers from all the districts came to him as before, with their various perplexing questions, persecutions, etc., to whom he always said: "Take these matters to the Lord in prayer, believing prayer. Do not trouble the missionaries or the consul with such things. My work has always been done by prayer and the aid of the Holy Spirit. It is only by prayer and fasting that we can please God."

His leisure hours were spent in reading his Bible, and at prayer-time he gave brief exposition to his family of the portions read. Very often during the night, when wakeful, his thoughts were expressed aloud, and sometimes in long sermon-like discourses, in connection with which he occasionally sang a familiar hymn.

After about a year, in May, 1893, he began to spit blood, and this increased, until it resulted in a very bad attack, from which he never rallied.

Dr. Sia, his old-time friend, now often came in to see how he did, and cheer him up. On one occasion he asked him, "Do you now believe in God with all your heart?" to which the prompt reply was, "Yes, with all my heart." They then sang together, "We praise thee, O

God," and bowed in prayer. He was deeply moved, and at times clapped his hands in praise and thanksgiving.

About this time some old friends, who had become estranged, came to him acknowledging their faults, and all past differences were forgotten and forgiven.

Many of the students and others kindly came in and watched with him every night, and the best possible care was given him.

A special friend had a remarkable dream a few days before his death. It was that of a very beautiful star going down over the mountains, and great numbers of children arrayed in white, shouting and clapping their hands.

When the dream was rel ted to him he said, "This indicates that my star of life is going down, and I shall soon be gone."

He became weaker and weaker, until he was unable to swallow, and Dr. Lyon was sent for. He asked how long he had to live, and whether he should take his medicine any longer. "No," she replied; "you have no more need of medicine." She told him that she had a special request to make of him, that when he reached heaven and saw her parents he should ask them to call her home to them soon.

When Dr. Sites came in he said, "I leave my family here in your care, and you must be their

teacher." When asked if he had peace, "O yes," he replied, "great peace."

He asked his wife to have two students sent for to wash his body and comb his hair, that he might be neat when he appeared before his Maker; to which his wife replied, "We will attend to all that for you, so you need not worry."

Anticipating that when the last struggle came he might be in much distress, and make a great noise and thus disturb the neighbors, he asked that the doors might be closed and everything be kept as quiet as possible. His earnest prayer then was that he might be delivered from severe pain at the end, and his prayer was wonderfully answered.

At one time he asked for a mirror, and when he had looked at himself he said: "I look something like Lazarus. This frail body, for which you are furnishing nourishment as though I was a beggar, will soon pass away, and then I will be only a spirit. I will be with you, even though my body has gone."

When near the end he asked for a pencil and paper, but his hands were too weak to write, and he could only make a few signs, indicating that the Lord had come. He then raised his hands up, placing them in the attitude of the Savior on the cross, signifying a prayer that the Savior would receive him, and while in that position

friends joined in singing, and his spirit passed away in great peace.

His happy and peaceful end made a most wonderful impression on all present in the chamber of death. His face shone with a radiant beauty. Death brought no fears to him, and he could truly have said: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

While his body was still in the house the children felt no fears, as children often do under such circumstances. His departure had been so peaceful that they could scarcely realize that he was really gone.

Thus passed away one of the most remarkable Chinese Christians the Church has yet had among its members, and it is our earnest prayer that many more such noble Christians may be raised up to become the standard-bearers of King Immanuel, to plant the cross on every hill-top and in every valley of this great empire, where the fields are already white unto the harvest.

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